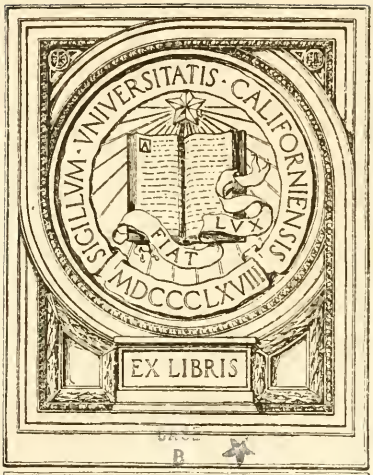

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Devil's Charter

By Barnabe Barnes

Date of only known original edition 1607

(*Dyce, South Kensington; and B.M. C. 34. c. 3.*)

Reproduced in Facsimile 1913

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Devil's Charter

By BARNABE BARNES

1607

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII

The Devil's Charter

By Barnabe Barnes

1607

This facsimile is from an original copy in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington. There are two other copies in the British Museum and another in the Bodleian. All four copies vary one from another, in all likelihood the result of corrections made while in course of printing. The play was reprinted for the first time in "Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas," edited by Mr. R. B. McKerrow, in which this particular question was fully discussed. Mr. McKerrow's conclusion was that the B.M. copy (C. 34, c. 3) "in most sheets represents the most correct form," though, from the tabular results given, the Dyce copy appears to follow very closely: reference to this reprint is indispensable to the student.

The originals, one and all, are in poor condition; type is battered, and the printing is imperfect. On the whole the Dyce copy is the best; but, here again, eight pages were too bad to reproduce; these have been supplied from the B.M. copy (C. 34. c. 3): they are I, I2, I3, I3v., I4, I4v., L3, M3. Bearing these facts in mind the present facsimile is satisfactorily done.

Of the author the "D.N.B." treats fully as far as facts are known.

JOHN S. FARMER.

267163

THE DIVILS CHARTER:

A TRAGÆDIE

Conteining the Life and Death of *Pope* ALEXANDER *the ſixt.*

As it was plaide before the Kings Maieſtie, vpon Candlemaſſe night laſt: by his Maieſties Seruants.

But more exactly reuewed, corrected, and augmented ſince by the Author, for the more pleaſure and profit of the Reader.

by Mr Barnaby Barnes.

AT LONDON
Printed by G. E. for *Iohn Wright*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in New-gate market, neere Chriſt church gate. 1607.

TO THE
HONORABLE AND HIS
VERY DEARE FRIENDS
SIR WILLIAM HERBERT,
AND SIR WILLIAM
POPE *KNIGHTS*,
ASSOCIATES IN THE
NOBLE ORDER OF
THE BATHE.

BARNABE BARNES CONSE-
CRATETH HIS LOVE.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE & ART
DYCE BEQUEST
1869

The Tragædie of *Alexander* the 6.

PROLOGVS.

GRacious ſpectators doe not heere expect,
Viſions of pleaſure, amorous diſcourſe:
Our ſubiect is of bloud and Tragedie,
Murther, foule Inceſt, and Hypocriſie.
Behold the Strumpet of proud Babylon,
Her Cup with fornication foaming full
Of Gods high wrath and vengeance for that euill,
Which was impoſd vpon her by the Diuill.

Francis Guicchiardine.

SEnt from the Chriſtall Palace of true *Fame*,
And bright Starre-Chamber of eternall ſoules,
Seuerd from Angels fellowſhip awhile,
To dwell with mortall bodies here on earth:
I *Francis Guicciardine* a *Florentine*,
Am by the powerfull and commanding Muſe,
(Which beareth domination in out ſoules)
Sent downe to let you ſee the Tragedie,
Of *Roderigo Borgia* lately Pope,
Calld the ſixt *Alexander*, with his ſonne
Proud *Cæſar*: to preſent vnto your eyes,
Their faithleſſe, feareleſſe, and ambitious liues:
And firſt by what vngodly meanes and Art,
Hee did ateaine the Triple-Diadem,
This viſion offerd to your eyes declares.

Hee with a ſilver rod mooueth the ayre three times.
Enter,
At one doore betwixt two other Cardinals, Roderigo *in his purple habit cloſe in conference with them, one of which hee guideth to a Tent, where a Table is furniſhed with diuers bagges of money, which that Cardinall beareth away: and to another Tent the other Cardinall, where hee deliuereth him a great quantity of rich Plate, imbraces, with ioyning of hands.* Exeunt *Card.* Manet Roderigo.

To whome from an other place a Moncke with a magical booke and rod, in priuate whisperinge with Roderick, *whome the Monke draweth to a chaire en midst of the Stage which hee circleth, and before it an other Circle, into which (after semblance of reading with exorcismes) appeare exhalations of lightning and sulphurous smoke in midst whereof a diuil in most vgly shape: from which* Roderigo *turneth his face, hee beeing coniured downe after more thunder and fire, ascends another diuill like a Sargeant with a mace vnder his girdle:* Roderigo *disliketh. Hee discendeth: after more thunder and fearefull fire, ascend in robes pontificall with a triple Crowne on his head, and Crosse keyes in his hand: a diuill him ensuing in blacke robes like a pronotary, a cornerd Cappe on his head, a box of Lancets at his girdle, a little peece of fine parchment in his hand, who beeing brought vnto* Alexander, *hee willingly receiueth him; to whome hee deliuereth the wryting, which seeming to reade, presently the Pronotary strippeth vp* Alexanders *sleeue and letteth his arme bloud in a saucer, and hauing taken a peece from the Pronotary, subscribeth to the parchment; deliuereth it: the remainder of the bloud, the other diuill seemeth to suppe vp; and from him disroabed is put the rich Cap the Tunicle, and the triple Crowne set vpon* Alexanders *head, the Crosse-keyes deliuered into his hands; and withall a magicall booke: this downe with thunder and lightning the diuills discend:* Alexander *aduanceth himselfe, and departeth.*

Guicchiardine;

Thus first with golden bribes he did corrupt
The purple conclaue: then by diueliſh art
Sathan transſigur'd like a *Pronotarie*
To him makes offer of the triple Crowne
For certaine yeares agreed betwixt them two.
The life of action ſhall expreſſe the reſt.

ACT.

ACTVS. 1. SCÆN. 1.

Enter marching after drummes & trumpets at two seuerall places, King Charles *of France*, Gilbert Mompansier, *Cardinall of Saint* Peter ad Vincula: *soldiers: encountring them* Lodowik Sforza, Charles Balbiano, *the King of France and* Lodowike *embrace.*

Char. Renouned *Lodowik* our warlike Couzen,
Auspiciously encountred on the skirtes
Of *Piedmont*, we greete you ioyfully.
Lodo. Thrise and forefold most renowned *Charles*,
A faithfull tongue from an vnfained heart
As a iust herrold full oft truth and honor
On the behalfe of forlorne *Italie*
Needing and crauing at your Princely hands,
The patronage and true protection
Of such a Potent and victorious King
Humbly salutes your royall Maiesty.
The shippe of which some-time well guided state,
Is through tempestious times malignity
By worthlesse Pilots, foolish Gouerners
Mutually factious, like to sinck through Schisme
Into the bottome of the blacke abisme
Through th' imposition of necessity.
Do not: oh do not then (most Christian *Charles*)
Do not forsake hir holding vp hir hands
For succor to your royall Clemency:
Hir sayles are rent, mastes spent and rudder brooke
And vnder water such wide open leakes
As vnder water soone will make her sinke.
Hauing beene bilg'd vpon so many shelues,
So torne, so rotten and so long vnrig'd,
And playing with the waues to and againe
As one not gouerned with helpe of helme.
One then whome nature in his vowes to God,
Hath tied to tender her forlorne estate
With eyes fore-seeing and compassionate,

Retenders her to your high Maiestie,
A Christian Prince so wise so valiant:
Vndoubted heire vnto the Crowne of *Naples*,
By lawfull right of that greate house of *Anion*:
Of which your grace is well knowne lawfull heire,
By th'issues of that *Charles* the first, that first
Of the bloud royall of the Crowne of *France*,
Obtain'd that Kingdome ages manie past.
These reasons weare with *Lodowik Sforza* mou'd,
To moue your Maiesty with martiall force
To passe these mountaines to possesse your owne.
March then most Christian and renowned Prince,
Aduance thy lilly standard potent King:
And since all skandalls are remoou'd and cleer'd,
Strike vp your cheerefull drummes and march along
In Gods name; with good auspices of Saint *Denys*,
I know you doubt not mine integrity:
Can more grosse error rest in pollicy.
Then first to raise a turbulent sharpe storme,
And vnaduisedly to leaue defence
To doubtfull chance and possibilities.
To broach strong poyson is too dangerous,
And not be certeine of the present vertue
Which is contained in his Antidot.
Wilde fire permitted without limmit burnes,
Euen to consume them that first kindled it:
I did aduise you, I inducted you,
And *Lodowike*, which brought you on with honor,
Will bring you of with triumph and renowne.

Char. Embrace me Couzen *Sforza*: by the soules
Of my forefathers I reioyce as much
In thy deare friendship and wise industrie,
As in the more parte of my patrimonie:
Courage togither let vs share all one,
In life, in death, in purchase or in none.

Enter a Messenger with letters to Charles.

These newes are fortunate for *Daubigny*,
Aduertiseth how that the Coloneses,

Although

(Although *Alfonſo* did accord with them,)
Declared haue them-ſelues for *France* and vs,
Without diſſembling or hypocriſie.
Lodo. Why this was it I did expect great *Charles*,
Our armies and our friends haue beene long ſowne,
The ground well plowed, the blade is full come vp,
And doubt not we ſhall haue a ioyfull haruеſt.
Char. Cooſen *Montpanſier*
March with your regiments to *Pontremols*,
Expect vs, or from vs directions,
To meete our forces, when wee come neere *Florence*,
There ſhall you finde the *Swiſſe* with their Artilleric,
Newly by ſea brought vnto *Spetia*,
Come Cooſen march we cheerefully together,
Faire is the way, faire fortune, and faire weather,
Mompanſier *with ſome ſouldiers and Enſignes before.*
King Charles *with* Lodowike *and his ſoldiers after.*

SCENA. 2.

Enter 2. Gentlemen with Libels in their hands.

1. *Gent.* Nay ſuch prophane and monſtrous *Sodomie*,
Such obſcure Inceſt and Adultery,
Such odious Auarice and perfidie,
Such vinolence and brutiſh gluttony,
So barren of ſincere integritie.
2. *Gent.* In whom there is no ſhame nor veritie,
Faith nor religion, but meere cruelty?
Immoderate ambition, guilfull treacherie,
Such prophanation and Apoſtacie,
And in all falſehood ſuch dexteritie.
1. *Gent.* As heauens deteſt, and men on earth diſtaſte.
2. *Gent.* Such impious ſacriledge, ſuch adulation:
1. *Gent.* Of all good men ſuch deteſtation.
2. *Gent.* Such Magick skill, ſuch diuiliſh incantation.
1. *Gent.* Apparant figures of damn'd reprobation.
2. *Gent.* As in all thoughts is thought abhomination.

1. *Gent.* Time

1. *Gent.* Time will out-ſtrip vs; for the morning ſtarre,
Portends the mounting of faire *Phœbus* Carre.
2. *Gent.* Haſt we, for danger drawne on by delay,
Admits no time to tarry till cleere day.
1. *Gent.* Fix on your Papers, theſe for *Alexander*
And his ambitious *Ceſar*: ſet on yours.
Hale reuerent Paſquill, Idoll of veritie, *As hee fixeth on his papers.*
Accept theſe ſacrifices which we bring.
2. *Gent.* Theſe be ſinne offrings figuring foule vice.
Oh glorious guider of the golden Spheres,
And thou that from thy pretious lyricke ſtrings
Makes Gods and men in heauen and earth to dance
With ſacred touch of ſweeteſt harmony:
Pitty theſe times, by whoſe malignitie,
We looſe our grace, and thou thy dignity.
1. *Gent.* High Muſe, which whilome vertues patronized,
In whoſe eternall rowles of memory
The famous acts of Princes were comprized
By force of euer-liuing Hiſtorie:
What ſhall wee doe to call thee backe againe?
True Chronicler of all immortall glory,
When here with mortall men nought is deuiſ'd,
But how all ſtories with foule vice to ſtaine:
So that alas thy gratious Oratone,
Which with meere truth and vertue ſimpathiz'd,
Is ſilent; and wee Poets now with paine,
(Which in *Caſtalian* Fountaines dip'd our quilles)
Are forc'd of mens impietie to plaine;
And well thou woteſt, wrought againſt our wills,
In rugged verſe, vile matters to containe:
And herein lurkes the worſt of mortall ills,
That *Rome* (which ſhould be Vertues Paradice)
Bare of all good, is wilderneſſe of vice.
2. *Gent.* How luculent and more conſpicuous
Euen then the ſunne, in cleereſt Maieſtie,
His vehement and more then helliſh thirſt
Soaring to pearch vpon the ſpire of honour
Diſplaies his baſtard wings: and in that neſt

Where

Where princely Fawlcons, or *Ioues* kingly Birds,
Should hatch their young ones, plants his rauenous Harpies,
His graceleſſe, impious, and diſaſtrous ſonnes,
Euen in the ſoueraigne Chaire of domination.

1. *Gent.* But chiefly one, that diueliſh Cardinall,
Proud *Cæſar*, faſt, with fierce impietie:
His Oracle and inſtrument of ſhame
In all nefarious plotts and practiſes,
Is now become as wicked as himſelfe:
But haſt we now, leaſt any ſhould ſuſpect.

2. *Gent.* Much conference with *Paſquill* may detect vs.

Exeunt,

SCÆNA. 3.

Enter Giſmond di Viſſelli, *and after him* Barbaroſſa.

Bar. *Dio vi guarda Signior illuſtriſſimo:* whether in ſuch haſt my noble Lord thus early?

Giſ. *Signior Barbaroſſa* in happy time well encountred, for I haue ſome buſineſſe this morning with my brother the Duke of *Candie*, wherein I would both vſe your counſell and countenance.

Bar. My good Lord *Viſelli*, the countenance of your deuoted poore friend, is of leſſe value then his counſell, yet both of very ſmall validity: ſuch as they be, with his life and beſt fortunes he ſincerely ſacrificeth all to your ſeruice.

Giſ. Pardon mee deere ſir no ſeruice more then reciprocall, and in due paritie betwixt vs, and ſince wee be ſo neere it, let vs not paſſe *Paſquill* without an *Aue*: what ſcandalous hyeroglyphickes haue wee heere?

A. S. P. M.
Auritia, Superbia, Perfidia, Malitia,
Alexander, Sextus, Pontifex, Maximus.

Againſt my Lord the Popes holineſſe ſuch blaſphemous impudence, ſuch intollerable bitterneſſe!

M. P. S. A. Theſe are the ſame letters with the firſt beginning at the laſt, *Magnum Petrum Sequitur Antichriſtus. Phy Diabola*, our bleſſed *Alexander* (beeing *Saint Peeters* ſucceſſor) this diuiliſh libeller calls *Antichriſt.*

Bar. Pause there my Lord a little, some-what here concernes my Lord the Cardinall *Borgia.*

Gis. Read it good *Barbaroſſa.*

Bar. *Alexander Cæſarem ſuum Galero et purpura donauit vt menſtruoſo ſpiritus ſui veneno, vniuerſum ſimul conclaue ſuffocaret.*

Gis. Oh most intollerable abhomination?

Bar. Alexander adopted his sonne *Cæſar* into the fellowship of Cardinalls, that he with the menſtruous poyson of his breath might choake the whole Conclaue.

Gis. By the bleſſed alter of Saint *Peeter* this villanie surpaſſeth patience.

Bar. My Lord here's a long libell.

Gis. Read it good *Barbaroſſa* more miſcheife of my wife, nay read it.

Bar. *Quid mirum?* Romæ *facta eſt* Lucretia Thais,
Vnica Alexandri *filia, ſponſa nurus,*
The same in effect inſueth.
Welcome good Poſt from *Rome* tell vs some newes,
Lucrece is turned *Thayis* of the ſtewes:
In whome her father *Alexander* ſaw,
His onely daughter, wife, and daughter in law,
Shall I read on my Lord? here is much more.

Gis. Nay read out all, it is but of a whore.

Bar. Franceſco di Gonſaga was the first,
That married *Lucrece Alexanders* daughter,
And yet the Pope thoſe bains of bridale buſt,
And made of marriage ſacrament a laughter,
His reason was becauſe that fellow poore,
Lackt maintenance for ſuch a noble whore.

Gis. Malignant aſpect of vngratious ſtars,
Why haue you poynted at my miſeries?

Bar. Haue patience good my Lord and here the reſt.

Gis. Patienza per forza, but this wounds to th'quick.

Bar. Iohn Sforza now Lord *Marques* of *Peſcare*,
Was ſecond husband to this ioly dame,
Of natures faculties he being bare,
In like ſtate with his predeceſſor came,
Becauſe he, when he ſhould haue writ his mind,

Paper

Paper well might; but pen or incke none finde.
Gif. Oh villainies of monſtrous people,
Faſhions and times deformed and vnſeaſonable,
Bar. Yet my Lord a little haue patience in your owne cauſe.
Gif. Mallice performe thy worſt leaſt comming late,
I with anticipation croſſe that fate. Read it, foot man.
Bar. *Giſmond Viſclli*, nobly deſcended,
Is for his ſhamefull match much diſcommended.
For neuer was the ſhameleſſe *Fuluia*,
Nor *Lais* noted for ſo many wooers,
Nor that vnchaſt profuſe *Sempronia*,
A common dealer with ſo many dooers,
So proud, ſo faithleſſe, and ſo voyd of ſhame,
As is new brodell bride *Lucretia*,
Take to thee *Giſmond* both the ſkorne and ſhame,
And liue long iealous of *Lucretia*.
With puſhing hornes keepe out all commers in,
For now thy mortall miſeries begin.
Gif. Mortall miſeries? but we are all mortall,
Fortune I ſcorne thy malice, and thy meed,
Keepe them vp ſafe that I may ſhew them to his holines,
Is this the licence which our citty *Rome*
Hath giuen to beaſtly *Bardes*, and ſatyriſts,
Ribbaldly Rimeſters, and malicious curs,
To leaue no ſtate of Church nor ſeculer,
Free from their ordure, and polution.
Good *Barbaroſſa* beare me Company:
Exile and Puniſhment for ſuch baſe poets,
And ſtripes with wiery ſcourges were too little.
Which breathing here in *Rome*, and taking grace
From the faire Sunne-ſhine of this hemiſphere,
Contaminate that ayre with their vile breath,
Obumbrating this light by which they liue,
If theſe were truth: this times impietie,
May ſoone ſincke downe vnder the diety. *Exeunt.*

SCÆN. 4.

Alexander *in his ſtudy with bookes, coffers, his triple Crowne vpon a cuſhion before him.*

Alex. With what expence of money plate and iewels
This Miter is attayn'd my Coffers witneſſe:
But *Aſtaroth* my couenant with thee
Made for this ſoule more pretious then all treaſure,
Affliets my conſcience, O but *Alexander*
Thy conſcience is no conſcience; if a conſcience,
It is a leoprouſe and poluted conſcience.
But what? a coward for thy conſcience?
The diuill is witneſſe with me when I ſeald it
And cauteriz'd this conſcience now ſeard vp
To baniſh out faith, hope and charity;
Vſing the name of Chriſtian as a ſtale
For *Arcane* plots and intricate deſignes
That all my miſty machinations
And Counſels held with black *Tartarian* fiends
Were for the glorious ſunne-ſhine of my ſonnes;
That they might mounte in equall parralel
With golden maieſty like *Saturnes* ſonne
To darte downe fire and thunder on their foes.
That, that was it, which I ſo much deſir'd
To ſee my ſonnes through all the world admir'd,
In ſpight of grace, conſcience, and *Acheron*
I will reioyce, and triumph in my Charter.

Alexander readeth.

Sedebis Rome Papa, ſumma in felicitate tui et
Filiorum annos 11. et 7. dies 8. poſt morieris.
Prouiſo quod nunquam te ſignes tremenda
Crucis ſigno.

Aſtaroth.

The diuill prouideth in his couenant
I ſhould not croſſe my ſelfe at any time;
I neuer was ſo ceremonious.
Well this tich Miter thought it coſt me deare
Shall make me liue in pompe whilſt I liue heere.

Holla

Holla *Bernardo*? *He tincketh a bell.*
Call hether my two ſonnes the Duke of *Candy* and the
Cardinall of *Valence*.
Happie thoſe ſonnes whom fathers loue ſo well
That for their ſakes they dare aduenture hell.
Enter the Duke *of* Candy *and* Cæſar Borgia
ſtriuing for priority.
Come my deare ſonnes the comfort of my life
Yours is this earthly glory which I hold.
Cannot the ſpacious boundes of *Italy*
Diuided equally containe you both?
From *France* and *Swiſſerland* I will beginne
With *Naples* and thoſe Townes in *Peidmont*
And all the ſignories in *Lombardy*
From *Porta di Volane* to *Sauona*
And *Genes* on th' other ſide of *Italy*
Vpon the *Mediterranean* towards *Greece*;
Allotted *Candy* for his patrimony.
And in *Romania* from *Pontremolie*
And *Prato* to faire *Florence*; and from thence
In *Tuskany* within the Riuer *Narre*
And fruitfull *Arno* thoſe ſweete Prouinces
Euen to Mont *Alto*, *Naples*, *Policaſtro*
And *Petraſalia* in *Calabria*
The furtheſt of home of *Italy* for *Cæſar*.
Gaine dubble ſtrength with your vnited loues
Loue one another boies you ſhal be Kings:
Fortune hath beene auſpicious at my birth
And will continue gratious to mine end.
Caſtor and *Pollux* would not liue in Heauen
Vnleſſes they might be ſtellified togither,
You for a little-turfe of earth contend
When they togither ſhine the welkin cleeres:
And gentle gales beare fourth the winged ſailes,
But when they ſhine a parte they threaten ſtormes
And hiddeous tempeſts to the Marriners
Caſtor would not be called but *Pollux Caſtor*
And *Caſtor Caſtors Pollux*: ſo my *Candy*

Be *Cæsars Candy, Cæsar, Candies Cæsar,*
With perfect loue, deare boyes loue one another
So either shall be strengthened by his brother.
Ce. Most blessed reuerend and renowned father,
The loue by nature to my brother *Candy*,
Enforceth me some-times in plainer sort
To cleere my conscience issuing from pure loue,
It is meere loue which mooues these passions,
When I do counsell or aduise your good.
Ca. I know deere brother when your counsell tends
Vnto my good, it issueth from pure loue.
Ce. As when I tax your princely conscience
Like an vnpitted penetentiarie,
Brother with reuerence of his Holinesse
Your heart is too much spic'd with honesty.
Alex. I and I feare me he will find it so,
Your brother *Cæsar* tells you very true:
You must not be so ceremonious
Of oathes and honesty, Princes of this world
Are not prickt in the bookes of conscience,
You may not breake your promise for a world:
Learne this one lesson looke yee marke it well,
It is not alwaies needfull to keepe promise;
For Princes (forc'd by meere necessity
To passe their faithfull promisses) againe
Forc'd by the same necessity to breake promise.
Ce. And for your more instructiõs learne these rules!
If any Cedar, in your forrest spread,
And ouer-peere your branches with his top,
Prouide an axe to cut him at the roote,
Suborne informers or by snares intrap,
That King of Flies within the Spiders Webbe;
Or els insnare him in the Lions toyles.
What though the multitude applaud his fame:
Because the vulgar haue wide open eares
Mutter amongst them and possesse their hearts
That his designements wrought against the state
By which yea wound him with a publicke hate,

So

So let him periſh, yet ſeeme pittifull
Cherriſh the weakeneſſe of his ſtocke and race
As if alone he meritted diſgrace.
Suffer your Court to mourne his funeralls,
But burne a bone-fire for him in your Chamber.
Alex. *Cæſar* deliuereth Oracles of truth.
Tis well ſayd *Cæſar*, yet attend a little,
And binde them like rich bracelets on thine armes
Or as a precious iewell at thine eare.
Suppoſe two factious Princes both thy friends
Ambitious both, and both competitors,
Aduance in hoſtile armes againſt each other
Ioyne with the ſtrongeſt to confound the weake
But let your wars foundation touch his Crowne.
Your neereſt Charity concernes your ſelfe;
Els let him periſh; yet ſeeme charitable.
As if you were meerely compoſ'd of vertue:
Beleeue me *Candy* things are as they ſeeme,
Not what they be themſelues; all is opinion:
And all this world is but opinion.
Looke what large diſtance is twixt Heauen and Earth,
So many leagues twixt wealth and honeſty:
And they that liue puling vpon the fruits
Of honeſt conſciences; ſtarue on the Common.
Cæſar can tell thee this in ample ſorte.
And *Cæſar* loue him, loue him hartily;
Though mildeneſſe do poſſeſſe thy brother *Candie*,
It is a gentle vice, vicining vertue.
Can. Vnder correction of your Holineſſe,
Thoſe warres which vertue leuies againſt vice,
Are onely knowne to ſome particulers
Which haue them wrytten in their conſciences.
Thoſe are the ſame they ſeeme, and in ſuch warres
Your ſonne ſhall make remonſtrance of his valour,
And ſo become true Champion of the Church.
Cæſ. It is the precious Ornament of Princes
To be ſtrong hearted, proud, and valiant,
But well attempred with callidity,

Brother

Brother with reuerence of his holineſſe
(Whoſe ſacred words like bleſſed Oracles
Haue pointed at your prudence) *Cæſar* would
Haue giuen the like aduiſe : but (in concluſion)
Vndoubtedly to worke out thy confuſion.

Enter Barnardo.

Ale. Vpon my bleſſing follow *Cæſars* counſell;
It tendeth to thy glory.

Bern. Moſt bleſſed Lord,
Embaſſadors from *Ferdinande* of *Naples*
Arriued heere attend your holineſſe.

Ale. This is a welcome meſſenger for *Godfrey*,
To make a marriage with the Lady *Saunce*:
And *Candy* for ſo much as this requires
A ioyfull entertainment; take that honor
And bid him welcome with due complements.
Shew courteous, language laudable apporte;
Let them be feaſted in more ſumpteous ſort
Then ordinary meſſengers of ſtate:
Obſerue his ſpeeches, fathome his deſignes;
And for I know thy nature tractable,
And full of courteſie : ſhew courteſie
And good intreatie to them : *Gentle Candie*
Now ſhew thy ſelfe a polititian;
I neede not giue thee large inſtructions;
For that I know thee wiſe, and honorable
Greete them from vs : *Cæſar* ſhall at a turne
Giue correſpondence to thy courteſie :
I as well fitteth with my ſtate and honor
Within theſe ten daies wil admit them hearing:
Meane while leame out by lore of policie
The ſubſtance of their motions, that we may
Be better arm'd to giue them reſolution.

Can. Your holineſſe in this ſhall ſee my skill,
To do you ſeruice, *Exit Candy.*

Alex. Cæſar now to thee.
This taske vpon thy ſhoulders onely leanes;
I reſt vpon thee *Cæſar*: were it not

That

That thou muſt ſecond it, or firſt it rather
I durſt not truſt ſuch things of conſequence,
To feeble ſpirits: therefore from our ſtables
Six *Perſian* Courſers arm'd and furniſhed
With rich Capariſons of gold and Pearle,
With ſix rich Complet Armors for their ſaddles,
And ſuch a Cabbinet of pretious Iewels
As we ſhall chooſe within to morrow morning
Preſent from vs in token of our loue.
Let for no coſt in ſumptuous banqueting,
Beleeue me *Ceſar* ſome-times at a banquet,
More ground is got then at a bloudy battell.
Worme out their humors, fathom their delights,
If they delight in that which *Naples* couets,
Fine, witty, loue-ſick, braue, and beautifull,
Eloquent, g'ancing, full of fantaſies.
Such Sugar hatted *Syrens*, or ſuch Commets,
As ſhine in our imperiall ſtate of *Rome*,
True pick-locks in cloſe wards of policie,
Preſent them with the Paragons of *Rome*:
And ſpare not for a Million in expence,
So long as here they keepe their reſidence.
Ceſar. *Ceſar* in ſuch a caſe will proue true *Ceſar*,
Wiſe, franke, and honorable.
Alex. I doubt it not:
And *Ceſar*, (as thou dooſt imbrace my loue,
More then the world beſides) accompliſh this,
And wee ſhall *Ceſar* with high bleſſings bliſſe. *Exit*
Caſ. By this time is my faire *Lucretia*,
Befitted for a buſineſſe of bloud,
Neerely concerning her eſtate and mine. *Exit*.

SCÆ. 5.

Enter Lucretia *alone in her night gowne vntired, bringing in a chaire, which ſhe planteth vpon the Stage.*

Luc. *Lucretia* caſt off all ſeruile feare,

Reuenge thy ſelfe vpon thy iealous husband
That hath betraid thine honor, wrong'd thy bed:
Feare not; with reſolution act his death:
Let none of *Borgias* race in policies
Exceed thee *Lucrece*: now proue *Cæſars* Siſter,
So deepe in bloudy ſtratagems as hee:
All ſinnes haue found examples in all times,
If womanly thou melt then call to minde,
Impatient *Medeas* wrathfull furie,
And raging *Clitemneſtraes* hideous fact:
Progues ſtrange murther of her onely ſonne,
And *Danaus* fifty Daughters (all but one)
That in one night, their husbands ſleeping ſlew.
My cauſe as iuſt as theirs, my heart as reſolute,
My hands as ready. *Giſmond* I come,
Haild on with furie to reuenge theſe wrongs
And loue impoiſon'd with thy iealouſie,
I haue deuiſed ſuch a curious ſnare,
As iealious *Vulcan* neuer yet deuiſ'd,
To graſpe his armes vnable to reſiſt,
Deaths inſtruments incloſed in theſe hands.

Shee kneeleth downe.

You griefly Daughters of grimme *Erebus*,
Which ſpit out vengeance from your viperous heires,
Infuſe a three-fold vigor in theſe armes;
Imarble more my ſtrong indurate heart,
To conſumate the plot of my reuenge.

Shee riſeth and walketh paſſionately.

Enter Giſmond di Viſelli *vntruſſed in his Night-cap, tying his points.*

Heere comes the ſubiect of my Tragedy.
Giſ. What my *Lucretia* walking alone?
Theſe ſolitarie paſſions ſhould bewray
Some diſcontentment, and thoſe gracious eyes
Seeme to be moou'd with anger, not with loue:
Tell me *Lucretia*, may thy *Giſmond* know?
Luc. Demaundſt thou the cauſe iniurious *Giſmond*?
When like a recluſe (ſhut vp from the world)

I liue

I liue cloſe priſoner to thy iealouſie?
The'*Eſperian* Dragons kept not with more watch,
The golden fruit,then thou my fatall beauty:
Thou wouldſt exclude me from the ſight of Sunne,
But that his beames breake through ſome creuiſies
Thou wouldſt debarre me from the common ayre,
But that againſt my will I ſuck it in,
And breath it out in ſcalding ſighes againe:
Were I in *Naxos* where no noiſe is heard
But *Neptunes* rage, no ſights but ruthleſſe rocks,
Or in the *Lybian* deſerts,or exchang'd
This Hemiſphere of *Rome* for th'*Antipodes*,
Were not ſo grieuous as to dwell in *Rome*,
Baniſh'd from ſight and conference of friends.
Giſ. Blam'ſt thou my iealouſie? nay blame thy beauty,
And loue impriſon'd in thoſe amorous lookes:
I feare the Sunnes reflections on thy face,
Leaſt he more wondring at thy precious eyes,
Then any Nimphes which he moſt honored,
Shou'd beare thee to ſome other Paradice,
And rob me, ſilly man, of this worlds ioy.
I feare the windes leaſt amorous *Ioue* in them,
(Enuying ſuch pretious nature amongſt men)
With extreame paſſion hence ſhould hurry thee.
Oh loue is full of feare - all things I feare,
By which I might be fruſtrate of thy loue.
Luc. Scofft thou mee *Giſmond* with continuall taunts?
Oh God of heauens,ſhall I both ſuffer ſhame
And ſcorne,with ſuch diſpiſd captiuitie.
Giſ. Here in the preſence of the powers in Heauen,
I doe not ſpeake in ſcorne,but in meere loue:
And further *Lucreſe*,(of thy clemencie,
For loue,and beautie,both are riche in bountie)
Forgiue me what is paſt,and I will ſweare,
Neuer to vex thee with more iealouſie.
Luc. Thou wilt forſweare thy ſelfe: *Giſmond* come hither?
Sit downe and anſwer me this queſtion. *Giſmond ſitteth downe in a Chaire;*Lucretia *on a ſtoole beſide him.*

When I beſtowed on thee this diamond
A Iewell once held precious as my life;
And with it caſt away my ſelfe on thee
Didſt thou not promiſe to maintaine mine honour,
Neither in word nor deed to giue ſuſpect
Of thy diſlike; and haſt thou not ſince then
In preſence of my neereſt Noble friends
Rebuk'd me like a *Layis* for my lightneſſe?
And as a miſer lockes his mony vp
So me reſtraind from ſpeech and ſight of them?
Gif. When firſt thou didſt beſtow this Diamond,
It had a precious luſtre in mine eye:
And was poſſeſt of vertue, when I vow'd
To maintaine that, which was impoſſible:
But ſince that time this ſtone hath had a flaw,
Broken within the ring, his foile growne dimme,
The vertue vaniſht, and the luſter loſt.
She graſpeth him in his chaire.
Lucr. I can no longer brooke theſe baſe rebukes.
Theſe taunting riddles, and cloſe libellings
Gif. Oh helpe I am ſtrangled.
She ſtoppeth his mouth, pulleth out his dagger and offereth to gagge him.
Lu. Peace wretched villaine, then reciue this quickly:
Or by the liuing powers of heauen ile kill thee.
She gaggeth him, and taketh a pepe out of her boſome.
Take pen and incke: tis not to make thy will;
For if thou wilt ſubſcribe, I will not kill.
Tis but to cleere thoſe ſcandalls of my ſhame,
With which thy iealouſie did me defame.
Giſmonde ſubſcribeth.
So now that part is playd, what followes now?
Thou Ribbald, Cuckcold, Raſcall, Libeller,
Pernicious Lecher, ſcide of all performance;
Periuricus Coxcombe, Foole, now for thoſe wrongs
Which no great ſpirit could well tollerate
Come I, with mortall vengeance on thy ſoule,
Take this for ſclandring of his Holineſſe

My

My bleſſed father and my brother *Ceſar* *She ſtabbeth*
With inceſt: this take for my brother *Candy*:
And this for Noble *Sphorza* whom thou wrongeſt:
And ſince the time is ſhorte I will be ſhorte:
For locking vp of me, calling me whore,
Setting eſpialls tending at my taile;
Take this, and this & this to make amends. *three ſta's togither.*
And put thee from thy paines;
She vnbindeth him, layeth him on the ground, putteth the dagger in his hand, a paper on his knee, & taking certaine papers out of his pocket putteth in others in their ſteede: & cõueyeth away the chaire
Now will my father *Alexander* ſay
That I did take the beſt and ſafeſt way,
And *Ceſar* will approue it with his heart,
That *Lucrece* hath perform'd a cunning parte,
If others aſke who *Giſmonde* kild or why
It was himſelfe repenting iealouſie. *Exit* Lucretia.
Barbaroſſa knocketh at a dore.
Bar. Holla within there?
Why fellowes?
Seruin man. Heere my Lord.
Bar. What is my Lord *Viſelli* ſtirring yet?
My Lord the Pope expects him and the ambaſſadors
Of *Naples* craue his company. *Enter Bar. and Seruingman.*
Ser. My Lord I haue not ſeene him yet this morning.
Bar. Is not your Lady *Lucrece* ſtirring yet?
Ser. No my good Lord I thinke ſhee be not yet come from her chamber, her cuſtome is not to be ſeene ſo ſoone.
Bar. Tis well, tis wel, let her take eaſe in gods name,
But make haſt, call vp my Lord thy maiſter honeſt fellow.
Ser. With patience of your Lordſhip I will ſpeake:
For three daies ſpace I did finde in my Lord
Paſſionate motions, and ſtrange melancholie
T'may be his ſolitude hath drawne him forth,
I will firſt looke the garden and the galleries.
Bar. Do my good friend I will expect thee in this parler here?
As Barbaroſſa goes in hee findeth Viſelli murthered vpon the ground, and ſtarteth.

Fellow

Fellow come backe, come back, fellow come back:
Your Lord lies murthred here, call vp your Lady;
Call in your fellow seruants. *Deh 'vanta Croce.*
This dagger grasped in his fatall hand
Reueales some violence, wrought on himselfe:
Could nature so much violate her selfe?
Was it not wrought by bloudy *Borgias* race?
I doubt in this the diuills hypocrisie,
Iustice of Heauens iust and inscrutable
Reueale it, oh reueale it in thy mercy.

Enter Lucrecia *with* Moticilla.

Luc. Where is my Lord? my deare Lord?
Bar. Tarry Lady.
Approch not neere this ruthfull spectacle;
Approch not neere this spectacle of bloud,
This ruthfull spectacle of bloud and death,
Least suddaine horror of these bleeding wounds
Wound thy distracted spirits to pale death.
Luc. What horror or what mortall spectacle,
Vpon such suddaine hath astonished me?
Oh my deere Lord: *Visella* speake to me:
Oh most disastrous accident and houre:
Ay me most wretched and vnfortunate,
My deerest Lord the treasure of my life,
The sweetest paradice of my best hopes,
Is murthred: seeke out the murtherers
Leaue not vnsearcht a corner nor a Crany:
Locke vp the dores there, least that homicide
Escape vs in this passion ———
Bar. Haue patience Lady,
Heauens will reueale the murther, doubt it not.
Luc. Ah Noble *Barbarossa* much I feare
Now with these eyes I see the murtherer,
Staind with the guilt of nature; oh my Lord
You little know that these weake womans hands
Twise rescued haue the violence of his
From killing of himselfe before this time:
Oh fie vpon the diuill, and melancholy;

Which

Which leaue me deſolate a forelorne widdow.

Mot. Madam theſe papers will bewray ſome matter.

Luc. Oh might I finde an other murtherer.

Bar. Theſe do containe ſome matter read them Lady.

Luc. My heart ſwolne vp with ſorrow, lends no light
Vnto mine eyes, nor force vnto my tongue
To ſee one letter, or to reade one word,
I pray you reade it good Lord *Barbaroſſa*.

Barbaroſſa readeth.

I *Giſmond di Viſelli* through deſperate griefe conceiued in iealouſie (which I bare againſt my Lady *Lucrecia*) hauing found out by much triall, and examination her faithfulneſſe and innocency, make this my proteſtation as the laſt piacular oblation to her for thoſe wrongs that with mine own vnfortunate hands I haue ended my life, deſiring her and all others to forgiue me, and pray for me, ſubſcribed with mine owne hand, and ſealed with my ſeale. *Giſmond de Viſelli.*

Il veleno d'amore,
Ame trafiſſe il cuore.

Mot. Oh Lord of heauens haue pardon on his ſoule.

Luc. This is his hand and ſeale, ſpeake now my Lord:
Did not I ſoone diſcloſe the murtherer?
Told I not that the murtherer was preſent?
Ah neuer neuer ſhall I liue to ſee. *She ſoundeth.*

Bar. Comfort you ſelfe deere Lady God will ſend ſuccor
Your husband hath paied deerely for theſe wrongs.

Luc. Giue me my Lord againe, death ſhall not haue him,
Come my deere *Giſmond*, come againe my ioye:
Delay me not leaſt I preuent thy loue
I cannot brooke delay's, *Lucrece* ſhall follow.

Lucrece *offereth to ſtab her ſelfe* Barbaroſſa *preuenteth her.*

Bar. Tempt not Gods iuſtice Lady, fall to praier,
Helpe in there, take your Lord out of her ſight.

Luc. Oh my deare friends that ſee my miſeries,
I you beſeech in deareſt tenderneſſe
Bring in the body of my deareſt Lord;

That

That I before my death may (with these eyes)
Behold him honor'd in his obsequies.
Ber. And I will beare these papers to his Holines,
Whose sorrow will exceed for *Gismonds* death. *Exeunt.*
Enter Guicchiardin.
Cho. Thus fonde suspition, feare and icalousie
Of shame, dishonor, and his wives hot lust,
Hath seaz'd vpon *Roſell*; whose reuenge,
Was to restraine *Lucrece* from Company.
But swelling pride, and lust, both limitles,
Answer'd his louing feare and shame with death.
Attend the sequell. Now successiuely
(After such warlike preparations,
So many firme hopes found in *Italy*)
King *Charles* with fifteene hundred men at armes,
Three thousand Archers, with six thousand *Swisse*.
French men, and *Gascons* twise as many more,
With martiall measures, ouer *Piemont*
Treads a long march after his drums and fife,
With *Mulans* force, and now his trumpets hard,
Vnto the gates of *Rome* giue fresh allarms,
Vnto the Pope, who stirreth vp in armes,

ACT. 2. *SCÆ.* 1.

Enter Alexander *with a Lintstock in his hand; with him* Cæsar Borgia, Caraffa, Bernardo Piccolomini, *the* Castilian, Gasper de sois M^r. *of the ordinance.*

Alex. *Castillian* take fiue hundred harguebusse,
Two hundred Arbalastes, and fortifie,
Vpon the tower of Saint *Sebastian*,
Affronting that port where prowd *Charles* should enter,
Call'd *Santa Maria di Popolo*.
Pic. Our souldiers ready be with match in cocke,
T'attend this seruice, and our scurriers,
Are now return'd hauing discryd King *Charles*,
His ensigns and his Cornets proudly mand,

With

With plumed regiments, and troopes of horſe,
Marching in glory to the gates of *Rome*. *Exit* Piccolo.
Alex. Brauely bring on your companies bold hearts,
Gaſpar de Fois. are thoſe two *Baſiliskes*,
Already mounted on their carriages?
Gaſp. They bee.
Alex. We make you maiſter of our Ordinance, *He deliuereth*
And on the Turret of Saint *Adrian*. *his Linſtock*,
Plant ſix more Cannon, and foure Culuerings,
Foure Lizards, and eight Sacres, with all ſpeed,
Take Gunners with you to the Cittadell,
Powder and ſhot, with Ladles for their charge,
See none be wanting; ſet them to their taske.
Haue a good care your Pyoners worke hard,
To further your fortifications. *Exit* Gaſper.
Caſ. Pleaſeth your Holineſſe to giue me leaue,
It fitteth well with our owne purpoſes,
To giue *Charles* entrance, and without reſtraint,
Leaſt he by rigor ſhould vſurpe that leaue,
Which to reſiſt were vaine and dangerous.
Beleeue me Father we muſt temporize.
Caraff. Beſides you ſee how the *Calabrian* Duke,
Out of the Port of Saint *Sabaſtian*,
Not one houre paſt, hath iſſued and left *Rome*.
Now though you do ſuſpect, conceale all doubts:
For you ſhall finde this ſure and commonly,
Dangers accompany ſuſpition,
Alex. We will embrace that courſe, but with your leaue,
In *Caſtle Angelo* Capitulate:
Standing (as beſt befits vs) on our guarde.

Enter Piccolomini, Gaſper de Fois, *with ſmall ſhot Enſigne, Drummes and Trumpets.*

Piccol. Tis time your Holineſſe tooke to your guard,
For Potent *Charles* (like one that conqueteth)
Arm'd at all peeces, in his plumed caske,
And with a Launce reſting vpon his thigh,
Already with his forces hath poſſeſt

The ſuberbs, and is now come to the gates.
Ale. We are reſolued: *Gaſper de ſois* take heed,
On paine of death no ſouldier be ſo bould
As to diſchardge one peece or arbalaſt,
Before th'alarme being giuen from them,
Wee with a culuering from Caſtle *Angelo*,
Proclame hoſtility: troope on a pace,
Take we what fortune peace or warre affords,
The worſt of reſolution is with ſwords.
Exeunt with drums and trumpet.
Enter with drums and trumpets: King Charles,
Cardinall Saint Peter ad vincula, *and* Aſcanio, Lodwick Sforza: Mompanſier *enſignes, ſouldiers.*
Charles Thus far with much applauſe in ioyfull marrtch,
With good ſucceſſe and hopefull augurie,
We marched haue within the walls of *Rome*,
Not litle wondering that his Holines,
Doth giue ſuch ſlender welcome to our troups.
Lod. Your maieſty may well perceaue how feare,
And iealeous iudgement of a wounded conſcience,
Workes hard in *Alexander*.
Aſc. And how foxe-like.
(Houlding newtrality the ſureſt gard)
He coopes himſelfe in Caſtle *Angelo*.
Mon. Pleaſeth your maiſtie to giue a ſummons,
Vnto the Caſtle for ſome parliance,
Vpon ſuch articles as were ſet downe,
Char. Come we wil touch him, ſummon forth a parle.
ſound drum anſwer a trumpet,
Enter Piccolomini *vpon the walls.*
What office beare you marching on thoſe walls,
We made no ſummons to confer with you.
Pic. Moſt Chriſtian prince pleaſeth your mightines,
I am Caſtillian of Saint *Angelo*, Vnder his Holines.
Char. To bid defiance to our forces?
Pic. Noe moſt gracious Lord.
But to ſalute you from his Holines.

Mon-

Mon. What is he ſicke?
Pic. Not very well diſpoſ'd,
S. *Pe. ad vin.* Nor euer was, nor will be well diſpoſ'd.
Cha. An other ſummons for his Holines, *Exit Piccol.*
Sound drums, anſwere trumpet.
Alexander *vpon the walls in his pontificalls betwixt* Cæſar Borgia *and* Caraffa *Cardinalls, before him the Duke of* Candie *bearing a ſword after them* Piccolomini Gaſperdeſois.
Alex. Moſt Chriſtian *Charles*, here I ſalute your grace,
Bidding you peaceably welcome to *Rome*,
If you bring peace along with you to *Rome*.
Char. In filiall Loue I thanke your Holines,
We little thought it our moſt holy father,
That our alegeance to the Church of *Rome*,
Which we with all our predeceſſors tendred,
Should haue enforc'd you to take ſanctuary.
Alex. Sonne *Charles* know then we tooke not to this place,
In feare as to ſome refuge or aſyle:
But for aſmuch as news were brought in poſt,
That you with all your forces did approch,
Arm'd and in hoſtile manner to this Citty,
The Conclaue thought it fit tendring the ſafty,
Of holy Church, and ſacred priuiledge,
To know your meaning firſt, and then with pomp,
To make your welcome in Saint *Peters* pallace,
In the beſt faſhion with due ceremonies.
Char Know then moſt holy father what we would,
Hauing in tedious marcht from *France* thus far,
Paſt with our forces God ſtil guiding vs,
(As we be deepely bound by lawes of nature,
And reaſon to worke ſurely for our right)
We left noe buſie doubts, nor obſtacles,
Which might preuent vs in our iuſt impreaſe,
Hence was it that we did Capitulate,
So ſtrictly with the crafty *Florentines*,
Whome we well knew fauour'd *Alphonſoes* part.
And this made *Ve ice* ioyne in league with vs.
Yet hauing notice that your Holines,

Both with *Alphonſo* (that vſurpes my Crowne)
And his ſonne *Ferdinand* drue deeper in
Vpon conſiderations of more weight;
We thought it good to take *France* in our way.
Lod. And there to craue ſome certaine Cautions
Of your indifferency to his iuſt title
Had ip the Crowne of *Naples*: therefore firſt
We do require (if you theſe parties tender,
(As your late letters did importe) yeeld vp
In Caution of your good intent to *France*;
This Caſtle which you now retaine againſt vs.
Can. Why *Lodowick*? the wethercocke is turnd,
The winde ſtands faire, but how long will that hold?
So may we put in hazard our whole Church
The deere eſtate of Chriſtes flock militant
And bring confuſion vnto Chriſtendome.
Alex. So may you ſeaze vpon the Churches rights,
If that we ſhould referre all to your truſt.
Can This is Saint *Peters* bul-warke; for my parte
Here I will die ere I ſurrender it.
Cha. Now find I true which cómon bruite proclameth
Of your bad meanings and hypochriſie:
But I referre your conſcience to that Iudge
Whom (if my conſcience harber any thought
To wrong the Church of God, in any thing)
I call in iuſtice to reuenge on me.
Ca. Renowned *Charles*, ſuppoſe we ſhould ſurrender:
How may we be ſecured that you will
Reſtore it after your impreaſe at *Naples*.
Char. The faith and honour of a Chriſtian King.
Ale. Your faith & honor? ſtay moſt Chriſtian *Charles*
Men will not yeeld vp Caſtels vpon wordes
Vnles their ſtates, and liues grow deſperate.
Mount. Why make we longer parlee with this Pope
Whoſe falſe-hood is ſo much that neither oth,
Nor honeſty can purchaſe place with him.
Lodo. Who neuer yet in cauſe of conſequence
Hath kept his promiſe.

Char. Tell vs, will yee graunt?
Alex. What should we graunt most Christian King of *France*
And tell me truly (were it your owne case)
Whether you would (on such slight promises)
Accord to such vneuen conditions?
Char. We did not thinke our royall promises
Had beene so slightly censur'd in your heart:
But since we finde your infidelities
We must requite it with extremity,
Couzen *Mountpansier.*
Mount. My Lord.
Char. Forthwith cause ten brasse peeces with their shot
And powder to be drawne out of Saint *Markes*;
Such as you finde most fit for battery.
You will not here vs now, we speake so low:
Standing aloft you proudly scorne inferiors;
We le send our mindes, written in fiery notes.
Caraf. Giue doubtfull answers, bee not peremptory
Least through your heate, his rage exsaperate.
Cæs. Offer vnto him on his Princely word,
The strength of *Terracina* for a pledge.
Alex. Victorious *Charles*, such is my trust and loue
That neither feare of force nor violence
Could any wayes induce me to suspect you.
Hence came it that the portes of *Rome* were opened
(At our behests) to giue you guestning.
Accept vs therefore with our promises,
Which we shall vnder hand and seale confirme
Not any way to Crosse your action.
Char. If you will yeeld vp Castell *Angelo*
Resolue vs presently without delaies?
Cæs. Because it is Saint *Peeters* Cittadell
The conclaue is in doubt to make surrender.
Char. You will not yeeld then?
Can. We cannot, nor wee will not yeeld it vp.
Char. Why then a parle with our ordinance.

Sound drummes and trumpets: Alexander *with his companie of the walles. ordinance goeing of (after a little skirmish within) hee sommons from the Castell with a trumpet; answers to it below; Enter* Alexander *vpon the walls as before.*

Alex. What come yee to make pillage of the Church,
Which held you deere as her chiefe Champion?
For beare your violence in the name of God:
Feating the scourge, and thunder from aboue,
Our offers are both iust and reasonable.
Cas. Peeces which are of more valid ty
We meane to tender to your Maiesty.
Char. What are those peeces you would tender vs.
Alex. To render presently the Cittadells
Of *Terracina, Cinita Vecchia*, and *Spoleto*.
Char. And we receiue them very thankfully.
S. Padvin. Our voices of the cõclaue passe, that *Charles*
Shalbe possest of Castell *Angelo*.
As. And if your meaning with your words accord
We dare ingage our soules for resurrender.
Ale. Your soules? foh foh they stinck in sight of God & man,
Your soules? why they be sould to *Lucifer*,
Your consciences are of so large a last
That you would sell Saint *Peters* Patrimony,
As *Esau* did his heritage for broath.
Pee. ad Vi. Thou most prophaine & impious Moabite;
So full of vices and abominable,
No Pope but *Lucifer* in *Peters* Chaire.
As. Renowned *Charles* pull downe this Antichrist;
Aduance some worthy father in his place.
Your fame shall liue with all posterities
VVho from a wicked Bishops tiranny
Infranchised the Church of God misguided;
Euen as (in this worlds worthy memories)
The names of *Pepin* and King *Charlemaine*
Your predecessors, were eternized
For helping good Popes, Saints of Holy life,
Out of vngodly persecutions.

Lode

Lodo. A Pope by nature full of fraud, and pride;
Ambitious, auaritious, shameles, diuilish,
And that and which, your experience testifies)
One that with mortall malice hates the *French*:
By whome this reconcilation made
Was more in feare, and hard necessity
Then faithfull inclination, or good will.
Alex. Iscariot, reprobate apostata,
I charge thee to desist and make submission
VVith pennance to the Mother Church of *Rome*
On paine of euerlasting reprobation.
Asca. Blasphemous exorsist, heere are no diuils
VVhich thou canst coniure, with thy diuilish spirit.
We charge thee render vp that triple Crowne
Which most vngodly man thou dost vsurp.
Thole robes pontificall which thou prophanest,
Saint *Peters* Chaire wherein like Antichrist)
Thou doest aduance thy selfe thou man of sinne.
Sa. P. ad Vi Saint *Peeter* doth make challenge to those keyes,
Which (in those hands defil'd with bloud and bribes)
Thou like a prophane deputy dost hold.
Ascan. That sword (with which thou shouldst strike Antichrist)
Thou like proud Antichrist conuerted hast
Vpon the members of Christes chosen flocke;
Saint *Paule* demaundes his sword, *Peter* his keyes:
Alex. Forbeare your blasphemies, what know yee not
Christes Vicar generall chosen on earth?
Haue not I power to binde and loose mens sinnes,
And soules, on earth, in hell, and purgatory?
Come take Saint *Peters* Chaire proud heretiks;
Here take this triple Crowne, oh you would take it:
But he that made it, did not for you make it.
Ascanio thou wouldst haue these Golden keies;
Here take them with my vengeance on thy head, *He throwes*
And *Pseudo Paulus* would haue Saint *Paules* sword, *his keies.*
Ordaine I for his decollation.
Sonne *Charles* (since we capitulato with you)
Me thinkes you should not suffer these t'affront vs.

Char.

Char. Forbeare your idle vellications,
Angring and rubbing vp the feſtred ſcarres
Of wrath inueterate, and mortall quarrells,
We come not here to foſter factions,
All are in one accorded, all are friends.
But yet moſt Holy-Father, let me craue,
Two fauours more, both very reaſonable;
Firſt that you pardon both theſe Cardinalls,
And other Barons which pertake with me.
Then that the brother of great *Baiſet*,
That fled from *Rhodes* to *France*, and laſt to *Rome*,
With the protection of Pope *Innocent*
Call'd *Gemen Ottoman*, may be deliuer'd
Into my hands, when after-time ſhall ſerue
For my beſt vantage in thoſe holy warres,
Which we pretend againſt the Turkes here-after.
Alex. The ſunne ſhall neuer ſet vpon my wrath,
That Oylie Lampe of bleſſed Charitie
Shall not extinguiſh in my zealous heart:
He that knowes all, knowes this I cannot falter
With any brother, all are faithfull friends:
Be but ſubmiſſiue, milde, and penitent,
And all is paſt, as all had beene well ment.
Now touching *Gemen Ottoman*, ſonne *Charles*,
When you ſhall vndertake thoſe godly warres,
I will deliuer him as willingly
As you demaund: and with a cheerefull heart,
Praiſing your godly zeale on Chriſts behalfe,
And praying for your good ſucceſſe in warre.
Char. I thanke your Holyneſſe.
Lodw. Theſe quarrels are as happily determined
As we could wiſh: call for an Actuarie,
And let a Charter *Bipartite* be drawne
Betwixt you: to confirme this amity.
And now moſt bleſſed Father I beſeech,
That I may ſhew the duty which belongs
Vnto this place, and ſee Apoſtolick.
Alex. We will regreete your preſence preſently.

Drum

Drums and Trumpets: Charles *and his company make a garde,* Gaſper de Foix, Piccolomini, Cæſar, Caraffa, Cardinals, *a Frier with a holy water-pot caſting water; the Duke of* Candie *with a ſword,* Aſtor Manfredy *ſupporting* Alexanders *traine, all bow as the* Pope *marcheth ſolemnly through, who croſſeth them with his fingers.* Alexander *being ſet in ſtate,* Cæſar, Borgia, *and* Caraffa *aduance to fetch King* Charles, *who being preſented vnto the* Pope, *kiſſeth his foote, & then aduancing two degrees higher, kiſſeth his cheeke: then* Charles *bringeth* S. Peter ad Vincula, *and* Aſcanio, *which with all reuerence kiſſe his feete, one of them humbly deliuering vp his Croſſe-keyes, which hee receiueth, bleſſing them and the reſt of* Charles *his company: The Drum and Fife ſtill ſounding.*

Alex. Sonne *Charles*, your welcome is as acceptable,
As euer was Kings preſence into *Rome*:
To morrow we will with the power of heauen,
Together celebrate a ſolemne Maſſe:
After the Senior, Biſhop Cardinall,
You muſt take place: and as our cuſtome is,
Shall giue vs water when we celebrate:
This done we will beſtow ſome time in pleaſures.

A garde for the Cardinals, French *King, Frier and Pope: Enter with a ſolemne flouriſh of Trumpets, after whom the garde troopeth, with Drums and Fife.*

Enter Guicchiardine.

Heere leaue we *Charles* with pompous ceremonies,
Feaſting within the Vaticane at *Rome*:
From hence to *Naples*, where the peoples hatred
Conceiu'd againſt the former Kings, made way
For him, without reſiſtance to the crowne.
This done, he marcheth back againe for *France*,
And *Ferdinand* doth repoſſeſſe his ſtate.
Meane while King *Charles* ſick of an Apoplexie,
Dyes at *Ambois*: the Duke of *Orleance*,
Lewis the twelfth conioyntly knitting force,

Doth march in armes with *Ferdinand* of *Spaine*,
Theſe regaine *Naples* and deuide that realme,
But this breedes mortall warre betwixt them both,
The wily Pope diſſembles at all hands,
The ſequell onely concernes him and *Cæſar*. *Exit.*

ACTVS. 3. *SCÆ.* 1.

Enter Aſtor, Manfredi *with* Phillippo.

Aſt. Brother *Phillippo*, what auaileth it,
When our ſtate loſt the *Faintimes* compounded,
That I ſhould hold both life and liberty,
Withall reuenues of my proper ſtate,
When as my life within the Court of *Rome*,
Is much more loathſome to my ſoule then death,
And liberty more griefe then feruitude.
Phil. I rather chooſe within the riuer *Tiber*
To drowne my ſelfe, or from *Tarpayan* hill,
My vexed body to precipitate,
Then to ſubiect my body to the ſhame
Of ſuch vild brutiſh and vnkindely luſt.
Aſt. He that with fire and Brimſtone did conſume
Sodom.e and other Cities round about.
Deliuer vs from this ſoule-ſlaiding ſinne,
To which our bodies are made proſtitute,

Enter Barnardo.

Ber. Deare ſalutations from my Lord the Pope,
I recommend vnto your excellence,
With ſemblable remembrance of his loue,
To you my Lord *Phillippo*.
Aſt. Good *Barnardo*.
My dutie bound vnto his Holyneſſe,
Returne in paiment from his Captiue ſeruant.
Ber. Ingenious Prince, I bring a friendly meſſage
Of tender kindneſſe, which I muſt impart:

They draw them-ſelues aſide.

This Ruby from our Holy-fathers finger,
(In priuate token of his faithfull loue)
He bid mee ſecretly deliuer you:

And there-withall, desireth of your loue,
To haue with him some priuate conference.
Aſt. I was now going to our Ladies maſſe,
In Saint *Iohn Laterans*; where my ghoſtly father
Attendeth me for my confeſſion.
But thanke his Holyneſſe on my behaiſe,
In all due reuerence and humilitie,
Tell him I meane-- ſo ſoone as I returne, *pauſe.*
To come according to my bounden duty. *Exit Bar.*
My caſe is deſperate, what ſhall I doe?
Philippo, was there euer any man
Hunted with ſuch vnſatiſfied rage?
Phil. What hath he ſent againe to viſit you?
Aſtor. To viſit me, nay to diſhonor me,
Behold this Ruby ſent from his owne finger,
Which as a Bawde inuiteth me to ſhame.

SCENA. 2.

Alexander *out of a Caſement.*

Alex. *Aſtor?* what *Aſtor*? my delight my ioy,
My ſtarre, my triumph, my ſweete phantaſie,
My more then ſonne, my loue, my Concubine,
Let me behold thoſe bright Stars my ioyes treaſure,
Thoſe glorious well attempred tender cheekes;
That ſpecious for-head like a lane of Lillies:
That ſeemely Noſe loues chariot triumphant,
Breathing *Paruhaian* Odors to my ſences,
That gratious mouth, betwixt whoſe crimoſinpillon
Venus and *Cupid* ſleeping kiſſe together,
That chin, true ball vow'd to the Queene of beauty,
Now budding ready to bring forth loue bloſſoms,
Aſtor *Alanfied:* turne thee to my loue,
Come hither *Aſtor* we muſt talke aboue.
Aſtor. Betraid? a ſlaue to ſinne? what ſhall I ſay?
Moſt Holy father,
Alex. Doe not mee forget:
I am thy brother, and thy deereſt friend,
And though in age I loue, know that deſire

In riper yeares is pure and permanent,
Grounded on iudgement, flowing from pure loue:
Whereas the loue lightning from young defire,
Fickle and feeble will not long hold fire,
It is fo violent it will not laſt.
They'r bleſt whoſe louers loue when youth is paſt.
Aſtor. To call you friend were too familiar,
To call you brother ſorts not with our yeares:
To call you Father doth import ſome feare,
Due to that age your Holineſſe doth beare.
Alex. Tell me not of mine age and Holineſſe,
Thy ſight ſufficeth me to make me young:
Neither vpbraide me with my ſanctimonie,
Loue is the pureſt eſſence from aboue,
And to thy ſoule I would affix my loue.
Come hither then and reſt with mee to night,
Giue me fruition of thoſe amorous pits,
Where blinded *Cupid* cloſe in ambuſh ſits:
Who with his Arrow (when thou laught at *Venus*)
Shot through thy ſmiling cheekes, and did inchaine vs.
Thy Chamber with *Ambroſiall* odors breatheth,
New loues and true loues vnto them that entreateth,
And furious *Mars* made milde his Faulcheon ſheatheth
At thy delicious aſpect: ſee thy Chamber:
The walles are made of Roſes, roofe of Lillies,
Be not aſham'd to mount and venture it,
Here *Cupids* Alter, and faire *Venus* hill is.
Thy bed is made with ſpice and *Calamus*,
With Sinamond and Spicnard, Arabick,
With Opobalſam and rich gums of *Ægipt*,
Muſick *Angelicall* of ſtrings and voyces,
With ſundry birds in ſugred ſimphony,
Where whiſtling Wood-nimphes, and the pleaſant choiſe is
Of Antique action mixt with harmony.
Attend thy ioyous entrance to this Chamber.
Phil. Is it poſſible that the Diuil can be ſo ſweet a diſſembler?
Aſt. Yes and play the pleaſant part of a conceited *Amoret*,
For he can take the ſhape of a bright Angell.

Alex. Now

Alex. Now my ſweet friend the ioyes of loue doth mutter
Thy mind too baſhfull is, ſpeake tounge loues vtter,
Thy Coriall gums and lones pure quintiſence,
And thou thy ſelfe faire boy loues pureſt eſſence.
Aſt. Oh bleſſed heauens let Sathan tempt no longer,
His force is powerfull yet thy ſtrenght much ſtronger,
He that with guileſull baites gilded vntruth,
So ſeekes to blaſt the bloſſome of my youth.
Alex. Delicious fruites diuine Confections,
Of hearbes, roots, flowers of ſundrie faſhions.
Preſeruatiues drawne from the rich *Elixar*,
Of fineſt gould pure pearle and precions ſtones,
Prouided for thy diuine apetite,
Wines of more price (made by th'induſtrious art,
Infacted diſtillations) then that *Nectar*,
Which *Hebe* bare, when *Ioue* did moſt affect her.
Phi Sathan falſe god of lies, and flatterie;
How palpable is this groſſe villaine?
Alex. What wilt thou come *Manfredi* to my Chamber,
And bleſſe me with thy precious breath of Amber.
Aſto. After our ladies Maſſe I will returne.
Deare God what furies in his ſoule doe burne?
After the Celebration of the Maſſe,
I come my Lord. *Exeunt* Aſtor *and* Phillippo.
Alex. Come then, and let that paſſe, Alexander *tinkith a bell.*
Hol'a *Barnardo*?
All buſines for this night I will adiourne,
Giue good attendance that at his returne,
Aſtor may come to me for my ſicke heart,
Till *Aſtor* with his beauty full embrace,
Doe bleſſe my body wounded with his dart,
Can find no reſt, loue hath it in hot chaſe.

ACT. 3. *SCÆ.* 2.

Enter Cæſar Borgia *the Cardinall, and* Freſco-baldy *a ruffaine.*

Caſ. Wilt thou performe it faithfully?
Fre. What I? will I liue to eate, to drinke, to ſleepe?
Caſ. Wilt thou performe it valiantly?

Fre.

Fref. Will I eate to drinke, will I drinke to ſleepe, will I ſleepe to liue?

Caſ. Will I keepe be ſecret, and conceale my plot?

Fref. My name is *Freſcobaldo*, as for my pedigree,
My mother was of comely gniminie with the Princeſſe
Of *Perugia*: my father of the noble family of the *Oddi*,
Florentines: both: I my ſelfe
Brought vp a Page vnder *Rayner* King of *Sicily*,
Haue ſerv'd against the *Turkes* and *Sarazinies*,
Where at *Vienna* (with my ſingle Pike,
Arm'd in a Maly *Briggandine* of *Naples*,
And with an old Fox which I kept in ſtore,
A monument of *Mars* when I depart)
I did vnhorſe there three *Turkie* Ianizaries.
Then (in the warres of *Ferdinand* the King)
This Hippe was ſhott through with a Crocadile,
But that it were too tedious I could ſhew you:
Vnder the King of *Romaines* I was cut,
Iuſt from this ſhoulder to the very pappe:
And yet by fortunes of the warre am heere,
I thanke God, and my Surgion all fix trillill,
I fought at *Malta* when the towne was girt
With Sargeants heads, and bul-beggers of *Turkie*:
And by my plot (immuge below the rampier)
We gaue th'obgoblings leaue to ſcale our walls,
And being mounted all vpon that place:
I with my Lint-ſtock gaue fire to the traine,
And ſent them capring vp to *Capricornus*.
Which when the wiſe Aſtronomers of *Greece*,
Prodigiouſly diſcouered from a farre,
They thought thoſe *Turcaes* fiery meteors.
Which with their Pikes were paſhing in the clowds,
The learned Booke-men write ſtrange Almanacks,
Of ſignes, and apparitions in the ayre:
And by theſe honors (if I proue a blabbe)
Then call mee villaine, varlet, coward, skabbe.

Caſ. Then tell mee *Freſcobaldi*
Where I may ſend to thee when time ſhall ſerue.

Fref. Faith

Freſc. Faith for the moſt parte my mantion is in *Cuiduerch^a nella ſtrada di ſan lorenza*, nere the conduct at a good olde Ladies houſe, *ladona ſempronia* at ſigne of the gliſter pipe, where if you chance to faile of mee. Within three houſes more at ſigne of the frying-panne you may commande mee, at all houres in the fore-noone.

Caſ. Well gramercie *Freſcobaldi* I wil take the note of thoſe houſes in my tables.
But be ſure and ready when opertunitie calles vpon you.

Freſ o. May it pleaſe your moſt reuerend grace (without offence to your Lordſhip) to deliuer me the preties name vpon whome I ſhould performe this Tragedy. For I may perceaſe catch him in a gilder my ſelfe before you are aware: and moylie muſle vp his maiſterſhip, with the *garotta*, or *ſtiletto* perchance the ponyard or piſtol, ſuch as I warrant you ſhal ſerue his turne.

Caſ. Be it ſufficient thou ſhalt know hereafter,
My buſineſſe and affaires are very great:
One word more, and adue.

He rounds with Freſcobaldi.

Fre. Secret as mid-night, ſure as the ſunne, quick as the waters

Caſ. Why? ſo ſayd braue *Freſcobaldi* like a man of ſome reſolution. farewell remember the watch-ward--do not faile.

Freſco. My buſineſſe and affaires are very great my gratious Lord, one word more with your grace my good Lord, and ſo I kiſſe your foote. *He whiſpereth with Caſar.*

Caſ. It was not ingratitud, neither forgetfulneſſe in me *Freſcobaldi*: Here take this and remember me.

He deliuereth him a purſe.

Freſ. I encounter your munificence with my loue, and your loue with my ſeruice, my loue and ſeruice with your mony.
Padrone mio molto honorato,
More for your loue then your mony,
And yet your grace wel knowes, clothes muſt be wrought, weapons muſt be bought; and Taueras muſt be fought, and all braue exploits muſt be done, as they ſhould be dor e bravely.

Caſ. But that I keepe my ſecret to my ſelfe;
I would not vſe this ſlaue for my gold:
Yet when I truſt him he ſhall not deceiue me. *Exit Caſar.*

Freſco.

Fresc. Now skelder yee scounderels, skelder you maggot-mugers, you pompions; you wood-wormes, you magatapicodes, I am for you, now *Frescobaldi*, call thy wits togither, let me now see what a clock it is: very neere eight, and almost breakfast time at a cleauen, this very night must I stand *Perdue* for this bloudy seruice. I know my place and houre: I must confesse and perchance be hang'd, I haue in the *Burdelluaes* and in other such houses of naturall recreation and agility, receiued three or foure score broken pates in my time: and some bastinadoes for crossing courting spicy-spirited inamoratoes in their humors. Besides I was the first that from the *Swisse* quarter, in the raigne of king *Ferdinand* brought vp in his army the fashions of bowsing and to sling *Greeke* and *Spanish* wines by the flagon, with that old stinckard *Henrico Baglioni*, sometime *Alferoes* to *Capitaneo Piccolomini* & my selfe; I remember likewise at *Terracina* I broake a glasse (containing some quart of Robolla) vpon the face of *Capitaneo Franscsco Boccansacchi* a very sufficient souldier in that seruice, and to my knowledge a tall trencherman: howbeit from the teeth down-ward as base a mettled coward as euer was coyn'd out of the sooty side of a copper kettle; so he was: well I will second my Lord in any slaughter for his wages, and if any man will giue me better hiers (when I haue seru'd the Cardinalls turne) I will present my pistoll vpon his sacred person afterward for charities sake: well, now to the drinking schoole, then to the fence schoole, and lastly to the vaulting schoole, to my Lady *Sempronia*. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke of Candie and Barbarossa.

Can. This was an act of such strange consequence,
As neuer yet was heard, a man found dead
Within a priuate chamber of his house;
When all his seruants stird: not one of them
That could giue euidence of what befell
But that he kill'd himselfe. *Cosa impossibile.*

Bar. I was the first that found him in his bloud;
Then warme from slaughter: such a ruthfull sight
As yet I tremble to remember it.

Can It is impossible (after a search)
No stranger found within *Visellies* doers,

But

But that ſome ſeruant of his family
Should haue ſure notice how the murther was.
Bar. It was his owne hand ſure.
Can. I cannot thinke it.
The gentleman was honeſt, full of ſport,
And well affected.
Bar. Pardon me my Lord,
My Ladie *Lucrece* told it in great griefe
She twiſe before had reſcued his life.
Can. Go too, go too.
Bar. Beſides my Noble Lord.
Papers both writ, and ſealed with his hand
Were found about him teſtifying this.
Can. Good *Barbaroſſa* pray my ſiſter *Lucrece*,
Here to encounter me with her good company:
Som-what I would in priuate talke with her.
Bar. My Lord I will. *Exit* Barb.
Can. High God be mercifull.
Thou that doeſt know the ſecrets of al hearts,
If *Lucrece* (as my father doth ſuſpect)
Was priuie to this murther of my life
Enter Lucrece Barb, *with her.*
I can learne all ſhe knowes.
But yet I will not either ſuſpect, or vrge her were it true
Being indeede a violation of brother-hood & common humanity
She maketh towards me—ſiſter how faites it with you?
Luc. As with a dead Corſe in a Sepulcher
Cold, liueleſſe, comfortleſſe, oppreſt with ſorrow.
Nor ſince my ioy did leaue me deſolate
Euer could I brooke well this open ayre
But ſtill lamenting and diſconſolate
Kept vp in Chamber, mourning for my Lord.
Can. What order tooke you for his funnerall?
Luc. He that aliue was ſhrined in my breſt,
Now dead liues yet intombed in my thoughts,
There is a modell of it in my cloſet.
Can. Performe it decently with dilligence.
Lu. Brother me thinkes the ayre is cold and raw,

And as you pleaſe let vs conferre within.
Can. Gladly deere ſiſter with what haſt you may,
And I deſire you noble *Barbaroſa*
To meete vs at my Chamber after ſupper.
My brother *Ceſar* hath appoynted with me
Some buſineſſe, and I craue your company.
Bar. Thankes my good Lord: but matters of much moment,
I haue at that time with my Lord *Caraffa*;
And I muſt ſpeake this night with my Lord *Ceſar*.
Can. Tell him I will attend by nine of clocke.
Bar. I will my good Lord. *Cand.* Farewell *Barbaroſſa*.
Bar. Ioy to you both. *Exit* Barbaroſſa.
Can. My trembling liuer throbs, my cold hearts heauy;
My mind diſturbed and I know not why
But all as he will, heauens aboue for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 5.

Enter Freſcobaldi *ſolus.*

Freſ. This is the black night, this the fatall hand:
Theſe are the bloudy weapons which muſt be
Witneſſe and actors of this Tragedy.
Now *Freſcobaldi* play thy maſters prize:
Here is a rich purſe cram'd with red cruſadoes
Which doth inſpire me with a martiall ſpirit,
Now could I combate with the diuill to night.
Firſt did I waſh my liuer, lungs, and heart.
In *Cretane* wines and head ſtrong Maluefie
(Such as would make a coward fight with *Mars*)
Then leaſt I ſhould with any weapons drawne
Be driuen to danger of mine enemy;
I practiſed my martiall feates of fence:
As for example if with armes vnſheath'd,
I were to kill this conduct here I come. *he fenceth.*
He makes a thruſt, I with a ſwift paſſado,
Make quick auoydance, and with this ſtoccado
(Although he fence with all his fineſt force)
Bar'd of his body thruſt him in the throate.
Guardateui bene, ſignori honoreuoli.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe this conduict or my duelliſt,
Should falſifie the ſoine vpon me thus.
Here will I take him, turning downe this hand.
Enter Henrico Baglioni *looking earneſtly vpon* Freſcobaldi.
Il punto verſo indrizzato, thus.
Admit he force me with his ambroccado
Here I deceiue then, with this paſſado
And come vppon him in the ſpeeding place.
Bag. what *Mandragon* or ſaluage *Aſcapart*,
what *Pantaconger* or *Pantagruell*
Art thou that fight'ſt with thy fathers ſoule
Or with ſome ſubtill apparitions.
Which no man can behould with mortall eyes
Or art thou rauiſhed with bedlamy
Fighting with figments and vaine fantazies
Chimeraes or blacke ſpirrits of the night.
Freſc: Come not within 9. furlongs of this place.
My name is *Ruſoſongal* the grimme ghoſt
Of *Bembocamber* king of *Calicute*.
And here for this night I keepe centrenell
For *Muſcopateron* great king of flyes;
Great grandſier of ten thouſand hecatombes.
Bag: I Coniure thee fowle fiende of *Acheron*
By puiſſant *Hoblecock* and *Briſtletoe*,
By *Windicaper Monti-bogglibo*.
Polipotmos and the dreadfull names
of *Mulli-ſacke* and *Hermocotterock*.
By *Petronidemi*, by the dogged ſpirrits
Of *Bacchus* which Canary land inherrits.
By purple *Aligant* the bloudy gyant.
And leaden headed hollock pure and pliant.
By *Barrha Martia* and by *Sydrack* ſweete
Who did with mathew *Glynne* in combat meete.
And by this awfull croſſe vppon my blade
Of which black curres and hedghogges are affraid.
And by this fox which ſtinkes of *Pagan* bloud,
Do'ſt thou walke there for miſchiefe or for good.

Fresc. Braue man whose spirit is approued well,
(As most aprooued panders truly tell)
Vnder greene hedges, vnder Coblers stalles,
In porcel porches, vnder batterd walles,
Which day; by night keepes watch-full centinell
To guaze the pleasures of faire *Charibell*
Profane archpatriark of *Paracridge* steeple,
The bauldy beaken of vngodly people.
With other matter which I might alleadge
To the Grand Captaine of *Colbron-hedge*,
Marching fowle *Amazonian* trulls in troupes
Whose lanthernes are still lighted in their Poupes.
Some without kerchiefes, others with torne smockes;
Certaine inboch'd with piles, and some with poxes.
Others with rotten shooes and stockings rente
With carine in each ditch keepe parliament.
In petticotes all patch'd and wast-coate torne,
And wanding with some ragge bleese euery thorne.
Which with their Targets neuer make retire,
From any breach till they their foomen fire.
Rebating the stiffe pointes of their keene blades
Till all their champions masculine proue ladies.
To thee saith *Frescobaldi* case thy steele
Least thou the rigor of my furie feele.

Bag. And yet I loue thee for thy martiall grace,
Thine in all seruice: shake hands and embrace.

Fresc. A pox vpon thy coward fittes foule knaue,
And yet I loue thee roague: aske roague and haue.

Embrace fumblingly.

Bagb. Come and embrace: tis blith when malt-emen meete,
And drinke till they haue lost both head and feete.
And drueling sleepe on euery stall and beach
With euery man a kuee in his hand and in his Can a prettie (wench
But *Frescobaldi* my braue *Bid-gonero*,
Varlet of veluet, my mocerdo villaine,
Old heart of durance, my stript canuase shoulders,
And my Perpetuana pander tell me;
Tell me what humors Catapiasmatick,

Excited

Excited haue thy *Bacchick* fantasies:
To draw that triumphant swerli dildido,
Vpon some spirit of the Buttery,
Fris. This was no barmie spirit of the bottle,
It was a bloudy spirit of the battell:
And if I lye, call me thy Wimble-cock.
Bag. A mouldy iest, well I will answere thee:
I coniure thee by *Negra Luciaes* name,
By *Dol Pattents*, by the subtill shape,
Of *Nanna Balikes*, by the cunning sleights
Of *Vini Clerilicks* with his faire sprights:
By *Mega Court*, with *Marga Marschalus*,
That in *Turnuliball* doth keepe an Ale-house:
By *Nan Ruthomo* that hote Plegmatist,
Now bedded with th'*Italian* Vitraillist,
Which in the fierie *Phlegitonian* flames,
Did worke strange vitriall dildidoes for Dames,
Her spirits haue no power to touch this strand,
Till they transported from *Lambechia* land,
By *Charon* Ferriman of Black *Auerne*,
Fall Anchor at the *Stilliard* Tauerne,
And by *Tartarean Plutoes Heben* bowle,
Why didst thou combate with thy Fathers soule?
Fres. Learned Magitian, skild in hidden Artes,
As well in prior as posterior parts,
I see thou kennist the secrets of all sorts,
Of sharpe syringes and salacious sports:
Venerall Buboes, Tubers Vlcerous,
And *Ianes Defisticanczers* venemous.
Doubtlesse *Don Vigo* then his vigor pour'd
Into thy braines, when he thy bottle scour'd.
Noble *Henrilico* question no further,
My medications are of bloud and murther,
I ieasted haue too long, prec-thee be gone,
Henrico Baglioni (by this sword)
I am to morrow to performe a duell.
And practising in this nights melancholie,
How to dispatch it with a braue stoccadoe.

Heere I did make a proofe, prithie good-night,
Trouble me now no more: early to morrow,
Ile march vnto the signe oth frying-panne,
And take thee timely with thy pointes vntrust,
To drinke a flagon of grecke wine with thee.
Bag. Goodnight my noble *Rillibilbibo*,
Thou shalt be welcome in the darkest midnight. *Exit Bagli.*
Fri. Now to my watchword it is quight forgot, oh
Col nuuolo la Poggia: thinke vpon it
The clocke strikes eleuen.
This is mine hower appoynted, this the place,
Here will I stand close till tha'llarum call,
he stands behind the post.

Enter a Page with a torche, Duke of Candie *and* Cæsar Borgia *disguised.*

Can. What ist a clocke boy now?
Pag. My gratious Lord,
By *Sistoes horologe* tis strooke eleuen.
Cæs. A fit hower for our purpose noble brother,
Can. But hath *La Bella formiana* notice,
Of out aproch to night.
Cæs. Oh doubt it not, villaine put out that torch, *The boy*
Being disguis'd we will not be discryed, *putteth out*
Depart you to my lodging presently, *the torch.*
Paine of thy life not one word that thou saw vs. *Exit page.*
Can. Tis very darke, good brother goe before,
You know the streets best.
Cæs. Oh keepe your way; you cannot lightly fall,
But if you doe.
Can. How then.
Cæs. You shalbe supported.
Can. My heart begins to throb, my soule misdoubts,
I feare some treachery *A che me fido, guarda me Dio*,
On in Gods name.
Cæs. Giue me your hand brother, fie doe not faint.
Can. *Cæsar* I can scarse goe,
A suddaine qualme hath seaz'd vpon my spirits.

Cæs.

Cæ. Tut brother forward with alacritie,
My life for yours youle be at eaſe anon,
Can. Tis a foule buſines let vs retire,
And ſeeke ſome other ſeaſone for our ſports,
Cæ. I am aſham'd thou ſhould'ſt be generall,
To lead thoſe forces that fight for the Church,
And heere ſhew ſuch faint harted cowardize.
Can. Are you d'ſpoſ;d to quarrell in the ſtreets,
Neither the time nor place ſerues inſtantly;
To call you to ſome audit for theſe words.
Cæ. Abortiue Coward borne before thy time, Cæſar *trips vp*
I will not brooke thy fooliſh inſolence. Candies *heels.*
Col nuuolo la pioggia.
Cæſar *and* Freſcobaldi *ſtab him.*
Can. Deere God reuenge my wrongs, receaue my ſoule.
Cæ. Let him receaue thy ſoule when he thinkes good,
Ile take an order for thy buriall.
Helpe *Freſcobaldi* let vs heaue him ouer,
That he may fall into the riuer *Tiber*,
Come to the bridge with him.
Freſ. Be what he will the villaine's ponderous,
Hath he ſome gould about him ſhall I take it?
Cæ. Take it were there a million of duckets,
Thou haſt done brauely *Freſcobaldi*,
Stretch thee, ſtreth out thine armes feare that he
Fall not vpon the arches.
Freſ. Ile waſh him doubt you not of a new faſhion.
Cæ. I thinke thou neuer hadſt thy Chriſtendome,
Follow for Company prenitious villaine.
Freſ. Hold hold, Coxwounds my Lord hold,
Cæ. The diuell goe with you both for company.
Cæſar *caſteth* Freſcobaldi *after*

Cæſar *ſolus.*

Now *Cæſar* Muſter vp thy wittes together.
Summon thy ſences and aduance thy ſelfe,
Wate and Earth haue interpoſ'd their bodies,
Betwixt the worldes bright eye and this blacke murther.

ſweete

Sweete silent night (guarded with secret starres)
Keepe silence, and conceale this Tragedie:
Saturne is lord ascendant of this hower,
Propitious patron of all Privates
Of murthers, Paracides, and massacres:
Lord of my birth, suspitious to my life,
This is my first degree to domination.
Who can, or (if they could) who dare suspect,
How *Cæsar Borgia* kild his brother *Candie*?
This is infallible, that many crimes
Lurke vnderneath the robes of Holinesse:
And vnderneath my Purple tunicle
This fact concealed is: *Ascanio Sforza*
Shall strangely (by some wilie policies)
Be brought into suspect for *Candies* death.
Sister *Lucretia* thou must follow next:
My fathers shame and mine, endeth in thee,
Now shew thy selfe true *Cæsar*; *Cæsar* shall
Either liue *Cæsar* like, or not at all.

Guicchiardine.

Death and bloud onely lengthen out our Scene,
These be the visible and speaking shewes,
That bring vice into detestation,
Vnnaturall murthers, cursed poysonings,
Horrible exorcisme, and Inuocation,
In them examine the rewarde,
What followes, view with gentle patience.

ACT. 4. *SCÆ.* 1.

Alexander *in his studie beholding a Magicall glasse with other obseruations.*

Alex. Fore-god 'tis *Candie*, 'tis *Candy* I know 'tis *Candie*,
Where is that traiterous homicide? where is hee?
I cannot see him: hee shall not scape me so,
I must and will finde him, though he went inuisible,

Appeare,

Appeare appeare;not yet;ha and *Candy* murthered too,
Let me looke forth.

Alexander *commeth vpon the Stage out of his ſtudy with a booke in his hand.*

Oh, oh, very good very good:well I perfectly peceiue,
By this eſcention of *Arctophilax*,
What time of night it is: ſorrow giue place;
Reuenge in blood and horie ſacrifice,
Commaundeth: nature now preuents her current:yeeld,
Let vs adore the ſecond eye of heauen, *he boweth his bodie.*
Bright *Armatas* increaſeth ſhe,is not combuſt.
O ſacred ſeaſon for nocturnall Ceremonies.
This ioyeous quarter is in *Caſmaran.hic.* *he looketh on a watch.*
What hower of night:ſtewhy tis *Salam*,twelue a cloke,
What are our angels of this quarter?
Gargatel Tariel Gamel.
How goodly theſe augurize faire auſpices of truth,
Now mountes bright *Athaman* in his goulden aſcention,
Direct in oppoſition with our hemiſpher, *he tinketh on a bell.*
And now there hower with them is *Aetalon*:
Bernardo bring hither thy white robes of ſanctity,
Haſt thou Coles ready burnt bring in my Thurible,
And ſence about this ſanctified place,
For heere *Feſtatini* muſt haue her honor.
Candie my ſonne is murthered,*Candie* my ſonne,
Candie my ſonne is murthered:I will raiſe
All the great diuills to ſhew the murtherer,
Euen as thou lou'dſt my ſonne haſt and diſpatch,
Haſt and diſpatch it as thou loueſt my ſoule.
Tis not yet *nayne* by three quarters of an hower,
What are our Angels of this night? *Michael, Dardael, Huratoel.*
In a triumphant carre of burning gold,
Crownd with a circlet of blacke hebeny,
And with a mace of Iet King *Varca* rides,
Attended with his miniſters of ſtate, *Andis* and *Cynaball.*
Fit diſmall times for our ſolemnities.

Enter Bernardo.

Put on my robes giue me my Pentacle,

Cenſe well *Barnardo*: bring me ſome fire in an earthen veſſell
Now muſt I laboure like a collyers horſe.

After Bernardo *had Cenſed he bringeth in coles, and* Alexander *faſhioneth out his circle then taketh his rod.*

My pretious beſt approu'd and truſty ſeruant,
Hence in all haſt be-take thee to thy beads,
Whilſt theſe darke workes of horror are in hand,
Red *Sandall* is my fumigation.

ſtanding without the circle he waueth his rod to the Eaſt.

And calleth vpon — VIONATRABA.
To the Weſt. — SVSERATOS.
To the North. — AQVIEL.
To the Sowth. — MACHASAEL.

Coniuro, et confirmo ſuper vos in nomine Eye, eye, ey; haſt vp & aſcende *permomen ya, ya, ya*; *he, he, he*; *va*; *hy, hy*; *ha, ha, ha*; *va, va, va*; *an, an, an*;

Fiery exhalations lightning thunder aſcend a King, with a red face crowned imperiall riding vpon a Lyon, or dragon: Alexander *putteth on more perfume and ſaith.*

I coniure thee by theſe aforeſaid names,
That thou receaue no phantaſmatike illuſions.

Diue. What would great *Alexander* haue with vs,
That from our fiery region millions of legions,
Beneath the ſulphurous bottome of *Abiſſe*,
Where *Mammon* tells his euer tryed gould,
Thou call'ſt me from ſtrong buſines of high ſtate,
From ſure ſubuerſions and mutations
Of mighty Monarches, Emperors, and Kings,
From plotting bloody feilds and maſſacres,
Triumphant treaſons and aſſaſſinates,
Whats thy demand?

Alex. I charge thee by the fower recited names,
And by the dreadfull title of great *Phaa*,
By which all creatures are ſure ſealed vp,
By which the prince of darknes and all powers,
In earth and hell doe tremble and fall downe,
Shew me the ſhape of that condemned man,
Which murthered my ſonne the duke of *Candy*.

Diue.

Diu. Keepe a firme ſtation ſtir not for thy life,
Expect a meſſenger of truſt ſtand faſt,

The diuell deſcendeth with thunder and lighning and after more exhalations aſcends another all in armour.

Dine. Sent from the foggy lake of fearefull ſtix,
Am I comaunded by that puiſſant monarch,
Which rides tryumphing in a chatriot,
On miſty blacke clouds mixt with quenchles fire,
Through vnquoth corners in darke pathes of death,
To doe what thou demandeſt.

Allex. Then by the dreadfull names of *Amioram, Titepand Sadai* ſhew me that damned childe of reprobation,
Which this night murthered the duke of *Candie.*

Diui. Keepe a firme ſtation ſtir not for thy life,

He goeth to one doore of the ſtage, from whence he bringeth the Ghoſt of Candie *gaſtly haunted by* Cæſar *perſuing and ſtabing it, theſe vaniſh in at another doore.*

Alex. Hold, hold, hold, hold; *per todos ſantos* now no more,
Cæſar hath kill'd a brother and a father.

Diue. What wouldeſt thou more ſhall I deſcend?

Alex. Shew me the perſon by whoſe impious hand,
Giſmond Viſelli, was done to death?

Deue. Keepe a firme ſtation ſtirre not for thy life.

He bringeth from the ſame doore Giſmond Viſelli, *his wounds gaping and after him* Lucrece *vndreſt, holding a dagger fixt in his bleeding boſome: they vaniſh.*

Alex. Out, out, no more no more, my ſoule diſolues.

Deus. Say, ſay what wouldeſt thou more? diſcend.

Alex. *Beldachienſis, Berolanenſis, Helioren, diſcende, diſcende, iubeo, mando, impero.*

Deuill deſendeth with thunder, &c.

Enter Bernardo. Alexander *tinketh his hel.*

Alex. Out out alas *Bernardo* I am wounded,
With griſly wounds and deepe incurable.

Ber. Comfort your ſelfe in Gods name bleſſed father,
Soe long as noe wounds of the body bleed.

Alex. The cuteles wounds I meane are of my body
Wounds of my soule and body: but *Bernardo*
This is my comfort in calamity,
Some shall packe after them for company
Whats a clocke?

Barn. Very neere six by Saint *Peters* bell

Alex. Hast thee, then passe thou to my Poticary, bid him prouide those drugges I spoke for yester-day, and beare them in all hast to *Dominico Giglio* take you those letters with you which are here, bid him deliuer them in *Lodwick Sforzaes* name her lustfull Paramoure; make hast and see that he dispatch it quickly, deliuer him a purse from mee for a token cramd with two hundred ducates, bid him bee secreat as he loues his life, hast and begon. *Exit* Bernardo.
After shall follow, I must haue his Lands
This thorne must be cut of being but teader
Then cut it soone whilst it is yong and slender.
Least growing great it prick thee to the bone
My lust importunes it and he shall die,
Sonnes, Nephewes, Daughters, Concubines, shall die.
My conscience is turn'd mercies enemy,
He that would rise to riches and renowne
Must not regard though he pull millions downe.
Exit Alexander *into the studie.*

SCEN. 2.

Enter Cæsar Borgia *with* Caraffa *and* Bentiuoli.

Cæs. Where is his Holinesse? where is my father?
Alas your Sonne is slaine; your haples Sonne,
My noble brother out alas, alas
Is murthered: in tender passion
Let curious search and inquisition
Be made through *Rome* to finde the murtherers:
I feare that Traitrous *Judas* Cardinall
Ascanio Sforza with his complicies:
I will not hould fraternity with him:
And here behold my meaning blessed father:
Receiue againe these robes, take here this hat,

And

And in theſe armes which I haue buckled on
I do forſweare al offices of Church,
Vntill I be reuenged for his death.
He diſrobeth himſelfe and appeareth in armor.
Alex. A foule red vengeance euer hangs his head
Whoſe heart indurate or whoſe diuiliſh braine,
Could execute conceiue or meditate
So foule a murther of an Innocent.
Caraffa with *Bentiuoli* giue leaue
Some-what I would in priuate haue with *Ceſar*.
Ceſar deſemble not for that were vaine *Exeunt* Car. *et Ben.*
Whence comeſt thou.
Ceſ. Directly from my Chamber.
Ale. Where didſt thou here this newes.
Ceſ. Fiſhers which found his body brought the newes.
Alex. Then he was droun'd *Ceſar* was he not?
Ceſ. It ſeemes he was.
Alex. What by ſome Fiſher.
Ceſ. How ſhould I know that.
Ale. Sure by ſome ſubtill Fiſher that layd nets
For *Candies* life and honor: but ſay truly,
Was it thy brother.
Ceſ. Are not you my father?
Ale. Ah that I neuer had beene any father,
But ſpeake againe, man ſpeake the truth and feare not:
Who ſlew thy brother *Candie* this laſt night,
Who traind him forth who walk'd along with him.
Ceſ. Am I the keeper of my brothers perſon.
Alex. Execrable *Cain*; perfidious Homecide,
Apparant villaine what canſt thou deſigne?
Which I would know that thou canſt hide from me.
Ceſ. A plague vpon your diuills you deale with them,
That watch more narrowly to catch your ſoule
Then he which ſought my brother *Candies* death,
You know that Satan is the lord of lies
A falſe accuſer and deſembler,
Tell your familiers they be lying Diuils.
Alex. *Ceſar* no more, *Ceſar* no more, thou knowſt,

Cæſ. What know I?
Alex. That I know, diſſemble not.
Cæſ. Suppoſe you know, ſuppoſe in wrath & fury
I killd my brother; can we mend it now?
He was not faſhion'd for theſe buſie times:
He reſts in peace, our peace reſts in our ſwords.
Alex. *Cæſar* thou do'ſt vnkindly vex my ſoule,
With rubbing vp my ſecret miſeries:
Incur'd by ſeeking to lift vp thy head.
Cæſ. Pull me not downe good father with your conſcience:
Your conſcience, father of my conſcience is,
My conſcience is as like your conſcience,
As it were printed with the ſelfe-ſame ſtampe.
I know my ſinnes are burthenous, and beare them,
Your ſinnes more hainous, yet your robes conceale them.
Alex. Out wicked and nefarious homicide.
Cæſ. Vpbraid me not, for if that Lampe burne dimme,
Which ſhould giue light to men in darkeſt night;
How can they chooſe but muſt in ſhaddowes erre,
That follovv the blind-glimering thereof:
Doth this one petty fault appeare ſo grieuous?
Which if you vvell conſider is no fault;
He vvas an honeſt man, and fitt for heauen:
Whilſte he liu'd here he breath'd in miſerie;
And vvould haue beene enlarg'd: I ſet him free,
Novv if I may compare your ſtate vvith his,
Or your condition vvith my qualitie,
Haue you not ſold your ſelfe vnto the Diuill,
To be promoted to the Papacie:
Haue you not fould the liuings of the Church?
Are not your coffers cram'd vvith beaſtly bribes,
With ſoule extortion, and baſe Vſury?
Haue yee not (ſince your inauguration)
Poyſoned and done to death ſix Cardinals;
In diuliſh auarice to get their goods?
Haue you not (vvhich is moſt abhominable)
Committed inceſt vvith your onely daughter;
And made me ſinne vvith her for company,

That

That both might raigne in hell for company?
Did you not take of *Georgio Bucciardo*
One hundred thousand Ducats from the *Turke*,
To kill his brother *Gemen Ottamon*?
Haue you not kept the Pearle of *Italie*,
Astor Manfredi that young vertuous Prince,
In beastly lust, and filthy *Sodomie*,
Blasting the blossome of his toward youth?
Haue you not now giuen order for the death
Of my deere Sister, whom your passions caus'd
To kill her latter husband *Di Visselli*,
And robd the noble Earle of his new spowse,
Onely to cloake your vile impiety,
Ale. *Cæsar* the Diuill hath bin thy Schole-maister.
Cæs. I passe your secret counsell with the diuill,
Your Auarice, ambition, perfidie,
Your bloudie plots, inhumane crueltie,
Why then vpbrayd yee mee with *Candies* death?
A bastard of our house, degenerate,
In whom no sparke or spiracle of honor,
Appear'd to raise the race of *Bergia*.
But had I beene Lieutenant of your forces,
This arme had conquer'd all *Romania*,
France before this had trembled, *Spaine* had stoop'd,
The *Romaine* Emperor had faun'd vpon vs.
King *Charles* had beene restraind, *Frederick* expulsd,
And *Naples* had beene made our heritage.
Alex. A triple ioy succeeds a single griefe,
I haue engag'd all to make *Cæsar* great,
Cæsar it suteth with thy grace and glory,
To cloake my vices, I will pardon thine,
Let one of vs excuse an others crimes,
And for this bloudy fact so lately done,
As thou didst cunningly begin proceed,
To lay the guilt or imputation
On them whose death may doe thee benefit:
And neuer was my soule better contented,
Then that our woes are with rich hopes preuented.

Cæs. Now

Cæs. Now stands *Romania* subiect to my sword.
Imola Forli, Camerine, and *Vrbine*
Shall haue the first charge, if I there succeed,
Haue forward farther with a better speed,
Cæsar o nullo written in my guydon,
When with my troopes victoriously I ride on.
Alex. Holla *Bernardo*, call in *Caraffa* with *Bentiuoli*: *Enter*
Ay now now now, my precious boy, my *Cæsar*, Barn:
Prosecute as thou hast begunne,
With Arte, looke sullaine and demure,
Hold downe thy head, like one swolne vp with sorrow,
Enter Caraffa *with* Bentiuoli.
They come, they come, say that those armes were put on,
In reuenge of *Candies* death,
The soueraigne medicine of things past cure,
Is for to beare with patience and forget,
Cæsar hath vowde reuenge for *Candies* death,
And in regarde of *Cæsars* piety,
I make him generall in his brothers place.
Cæs. And neuer shall I sheath this sword in peace
Till it haue wrought vpon the murtherer.
Caraf. Happy successe accompany my Lord,
And in your battles giue you victory.
Bent. Is order taken for his funerals.
Cæs. Bentiuoli take you no thought for that,
That is the greatest care, which troubles me,
Alex. Come on my Lords, we will aduise within,
For I must haue your counsels in my griefe. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 3.

Enter Lucretia *richly attired with a Phyal in her hand.*

Luc. Kinde *Lodowike* hadst thou presented me,
With *Persian* clothes of gold or *Tinsilry*,
With rich *Arabian* Odors, pretious stones,
Or what braue women hold in highest price,
Could nor haue beene so gracious as this tincture,
Which I more valew then my richest iewels,

Oh

Oh *Motticilla*. *Enter* Motticilla.
Bring me ſome mixtures and my dreſſing boxes,
This night I purpoſe priuately to ſup
With my Lord Cardinall of *Capua*.
Enter two Pages with a Table, two looking glaſſes, a box with Combes and inſtruments, a rich bowle.
Bring me ſome blanching water in this bowle. *Exit* Motti.
Shee looketh in her glaſſe.
Here I perceiue a little riueling
Aboue my for-head but I wimple it
Either with iewels or a lock of haire,
And yet it is as white as the pure ſnow:
O God when that ſweet *Marques Mantoua*,
Did in *Ferrara* feaſt my Lord and mee,
What rich compariſons and ſimilies,
He with ingenious fantaſie deuiſ'd,
Doting vpon the whiteneſſe of my browes?
As that betwixt them ſtood the chaire of ſtate,
Compoſ'd of Iuorie for the *Paphian* Queene:
Sitting in comfort after amourous conqueſt,
And kiſt my for-head twenty thouſand times.
Oft haue I wiſht the coulour of this haire
More bright, and not of ſuch a *Spaniſh* dye,
And yet the Duke of *Bourbon* on his knees,
As the diuineſt fauour of this world,
Did beg one lock to make a Bracelet,
For which few haires he garniſhed my head
With Iewels worth ſix thouſand crownes at leaſt.
My beaming eyes yet full of Maieſty,
Dart loue, and giue bright luſter to the glaſſe,
As when the ſunne beames touch a Diamond.
The Prince of *Salerne* ſolemnly did ſweare,
Theſe eies were quiuers which ſuch ſhafts did beare
That were ſo ſharpe, and had ſuch fierie touch,
As *Cupids* Arrowes neuer had ſo much,
The Roſie Garden of theſe amourous cheekes,
My noſe the gratious forte of conquering loue,
Breathing attractiue odors to thoſe louers

That languiſh and are vanquiſht with deſire,
Gonzaga calleth it the ſiluer pearch,
Where *Venus* turtles mutuall pleaſure ſearch.
Sweet mouth the Ruby port to Paradice
Of my worlds pleaſure from whence iſſue forth,
Many falſe brags, bold ſallies, ſweet ſupplies,
A chinne the matchles fabricke of faire nature,
A necke two breſts vpon whoſe cherry nipples.
So many ſweet ſolcions *Cupid* ſuckt,
Giue me ſome blanching water in this boule,
Waſh my face *Motticilla* with this cloth,
So tis well, now will I try theſe collours.
Giue me that oyle of *Talck*,
Take ſarſnet *Motticilla* ſmooth my forchead,
She looketh in two glaſſes and beholdeth her body.
I muſt delay this colour is it carnation right.
Mot. Oh the true tincture of a damask roſe,
Luc. What is it excellent.
Mot. Moſt full of life.
And madame thats a pretious liniment,
As euer I beheld to ſmooth the browes.
Luc. I will correct theſe arches with this mullet,
Plucke not to hard, beleeue me *Motticilla*,
You plucke to hard.
I feele a foule ſtincke in my noſtrells,
Some ſtinke is vehement and hurts my braine,
My cheekes both burne and ſting giue me my glaſſe.
Out out for ſhame I ſee the blood it ſelfe,
Diſperſed and inflamed, giue me ſome water.
Motticilla *rubbeth her cheekes with a cloth.*

Lucretia *looketh in the glaſſe.*

My braines intoxicate my face is ſcalded.
Hence with the glaſſe: coole coole my face, rancke poyſon,
Is miniſtred to bring me to my death,
I feele the venime boyling in my veines.
Mot. Ah me deere Lady; what ſtrang leoproſie?
The more I waſh the more ſpreads on your face.

Lucre.

Luc. Send to my father; call phiſitions in, *Exit Motti*
Oh *Candie* where art thou my comforter,
Dead and intomb'd; *Lucrece* muſt follow thee;
I burne I burne, oh where is my deere Lord.
My braines are feard vp with ſome fatall fire.

Enter a ſeruant and Phiſition with Motticila.

Ser. Deere Lady cheere your ſelfe, be not diſmayd,
His Holines in haſt hath ſent releiſe:
His owne Phiſition to recomfort you.

Luc. For our deere Ladies paſſion bring ſome water to coole my thirſt.

Phi. Madam you may not drinke,
Till you receaue this one preſeruatiue.

Luc. A ſoule vnſauorie loathſome ſtinke choakes vp
My vitall ſences: and a boyling heat
ſuppes vp the liuely ſpirit in my lungs.

Phi. This poyſon ſpreads and is incurable,
Madame receiue one precious antidote.

Luc. What haue I caught you *Sforza*,
Who painted my faire face with theſe ſoule ſpots,
You ſee them in my ſoule deformed blots,
Deliuer me from that murthered man,
He comes to ſtab my ſoule I wounded him,
Oh *Giſmond Giſmond* hide thoſe bleeding wounds,
My ſoule bleeds drops of ſorrow for thy ſake;
Looke not ſo wrathfull I am penitent,
Loue and remorſe did harbour in thine hart,
What doeſt thou becken to me I will come,
And follow thee through millions of woes.

Phi. Sweet Lady will you take a little reſt,
It will refreſh your ſpirits inſtantly.

Luc. No reſt vntill I ſee my Lord againe.

Mot. Deere Lady doe you loue your life, take reſt,
She taketh hold of Motticila.

Luc. From the pure burning coles of true contrition.
Me thinkes I ſee the liuely counterfet,
Of catiue *Creſſid* in her miſery,
Ingendred out of hir diſloyalty,

Ah *Moticilla* whome I trained vp
In cunning sleights and snares of filthinesse,
Forgiue me for that sinne; liue and repent.
Mor: Oh God forgiue me for my sinnes are great,
And if his goodnesse lend my life some space,
I will with pennance call on him for grace,
And spend the remnant of my life in prayer.
Luc: I can no more, death summoneth my soule,
Open thy bosome father *Abraham*,
Mercyfull father let thy mercy passe
Extend thy mercy where no mercy was.
Mercyfull father for thy sonnes deere merrit
Pardon my sinnfull soule receiue my spirrit. *Expirat Lucrece.*
Phi: Now is her soule at rest tis very strange,
As well the cause as manner of her death,
I haue beene studied in *Hipocrates*,
In bookes of *Gallen* and olde *Auecine*,
Obseru'd the cures of diuers learned doctors,
In *France* in *Spaine* and higher *Germany*,
Yet neuer met with such an accident,
Beare in her body I will in all hast,
Bring wofull newes vnto saint *Peeters Pallace*,
His Holinesse will grieuiously lament. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCÆ. 4.

Enter Cæsar *and* Barbarossa *souldiers drums and trumpets.*
Cæs: Fellows in armes after our victories,
Had in the first front of our happie warr,
With men of hardy resolution,
Now must we bend our forces against *Furly*,
Where that prowd *Amazonian Katharine*,
Dareth defiance in the face of warr,
And yet our hopes are sure, all passage cleere,
And she before I lodge this restles head,
Shall beare the bondage of this victorie.
Bar: These proud presuming spirrits of vaine women,
Whose bloodlesse woundes are only bloody words,
Talke without reason, fight without resistance,

But

But on the face of grimme deuouring Warre,
With frowning fore-head menacing his force,
They fall downe on their backs as *Venus* did,
When *Mars* beheld her with a Souldiers face,
Cæſ. Nay we muſt fight: I know the puiſſant ſpirit
Of warlike *Kate* the pride of *Italie*,
Sforzaes braue ſiſter and old *Riarioes* widdow,
Excellent valour, and deepe policie
Muſt winne it, if we purchaſe at her hands.
Bar. And yet we be before-hand with the Lady,
Hauing ſurprized her treaſure and her ſonnes,
As they were making their eſcape for *Florence*:
What ſhall we trie renowned generall?
And ſearch her reſolution.
Cæſ. Shall wee? doubt you not,
Nay though the walles of *Furly* were of ſteele,
Theſe pledges ſhould make paſſage for our powers,
And what? ſhall we ſtoope for thoſe twenty Enſignes,
Which this laſt night haue enter'd their Ports,
Nay were they ten to one within thoſe walles,
Cæſar (that carries Fortune in his Standerd)
Would make them giue ground & ſubiect them-ſelues.
Bar. Speake then at once renowned generall,
Shall we go Souldier-like to worke at firſt?
Shall we ſalute her with our Cannon?
Cæſ. What? no *Barbaroſſa* not without a parlee,
Fore-God I loue her, and admire her valour,
And till we finde her words prooue empty ſquibs,
We giue her all the noble rights of warre,
Summon a parlee. *Sound drum, anſwer Trumpet.*

Enter vpon the walles Counteſſe Katherine, Iulio Sforza, *Enſigne, ſouldiers, Drummes, Trumpets.*

What haue wee *Pallas* come vpon theſe walles,
To bring confuſion of our companies:
Doth proud *Pentheſilea* liue againe,
Which ſome-time raging in the Fields of blood,
Made paſſage with her angry ſword through millions.

Kat. I tell thee *Cæſar* ſonne of *Alexander*
A booke befits thee better then a blade:
Perceaſe in ſcorne thou wilt reply the like,
A diſtaffe fits me better then a pike.
Know *Cæſar* had I now ſo many liues
As here are ſtoanes or haires vpon your beards,
I would forgo them al before this honor,
Which my deere Lord *Riario* did leaue mee,
The pledge of my deere loue his Childrens patrimony.
Cæſ. Speake in a milder key renowned *Kate*,
I loue you well and all braue *Sforzaes* race
Yet you muſt yeeld there is no remedy,
It is the Churches right and I muſt haue it.
Kath. Me thinkes a pulpet were more fit for thee,
But did'ſt thou euer reade Saint *Gregory*:
That he which hunteth for authority,
Himſelfe ſhould gouerne direct and know well;
He did a deede of danger that aduanc'd thee,
For proud ambition violates all right.
Cæſ. Be not ſo bitter *Kate* a friend intreates you,
But if intreaties will not, looke vpon mee:
Heere ſtandeth *Cæſar*, the ſharpe ſcourge of *Furly*
And were your fort fenc'd with as many men,
As it is girt with ſtones *Cæſar* would haue it.
Subdue them and make pillage of their goods
And in reſiſtance ſeale it with their blouds.
Kat. What are your weapons ſheathed in your throates?
Is euery word a ſword then ſhake hands *Cæſar*:
Venter no further and we will be friends
But if your words haue accents in keene ſwords,
And end in bloud, then *Cæſar* looke on me:
I with defiance turne ſwords in your throates,
You ſhall not thruſt that imputation
Vpon our ſex, for I will fight it out
So long as I can ſtand vpon theſe walls.
Cæſ. You would repent it, if you knew the worſt,
Conſider *Kate* be well aduiſed firſt.
Kat. *Cæſar* a word to diſcharge my conſcience,

Were

Were there a Cannon there to be diſchardg'd
Vpon this fruitfull wombe the nurſe of Children,
And I ſure peece mell to be torne withall,
If I would not ſurrender vp this forte
Your Cannon ſhot ſhould plowe theſe bowells vp,
That vow to God and my deere huſband made:
I neuer will inſtringe with perfedy:
I know thee bloudy *Caeſar*: the diſhonor,
In yeelding vp thy reuerend purple roabes
Which ſhould protect widowes and Orphanes rightes,
Appeareth well in taking vniuſt armes,
To wrong the Widowes and the Fatherleſſe
Either fight *Caeſar* or forſake the field,
Perſwade thy ſelfe aliue I will not yeeld.
Caſ. Then I will ſhew you what warres deſteny,
Prognoſticates, bring forth her ranſome hither
Barbaroſſa *bringeth from* Cæſars *Tent*
hir two boyes.
If nature be not quite extinguiſhed
Theſe pledges ſhall enfranchize you from warre
I brought them to this purpoſe; that in them,
You with your friends might liue in liberty.
Kat. Neuer but with advantages deere Lord,
Monſter of miſery what think'ſt thou *Caſar*
That I will yeeld mine honor for their ſafety?
Be not deceiu'd thou haſt ſurpriz'd my Children,
Riartoes riches left in my tuition
And borne out of theſe bowells; but deere boyes,
Courage your ſelues I will defend your honors:
I tell thee *Caſar* theſe my boyes are taught
To beare with patience fates ineuitable
Theſe carry *Sforzates* ſpirit and their fathers;
I dare gage life and aſke them they will chuſe,
To lack their liues before they looſe their honors.
Caſ. Caſar in this hath offered like himſelfe,
He proffereth to preſerue your towne vntouch't:
Your goods, your wiues, your liues, your liberties:
But marke what fruites thy bitterneſſe brings forth,

To make thine hard heart infamous for euer,
Before thy face theſe boyes ſhall looſe their liues
If thou ſurrender not without more parlee.
Kath. Bloudy *Ceſare* I deſie thy malice,
I ſpit defiance in thy cowards face.
Traytour to God and man had'ſt thou beene *Ceſar*,
Inſiſting on high tearmes of worth and honor
Thou woul'ſt conſider that their bloud is Noble,
Thou wouldſt conſider that they be but children,
Thou wouldſt conſider that thou art a warrier
And that ſuch noble bloud ſpilt with diſhonor
And train'd in with infideous trechery,
By God nor man in heauen nor earth below
Can be forgotten or aboliſhed.
Barb. Braue generall you parlee with a woman,
Whoſe heart is obſtinate, whoſe hands are freeble,
Seemeth in vaine and ouer tedious.
Ceſar. Speake at a word cannon is my next parlee,
You will not yee'd your ſtate to ſaue their liues.
Kath. I will not *Ceſar*.
Ceſ. Cut of both their heads.
1. *Boy.* Let vs intreat our mother noble generall,
For to deliuer vp the ſtate of *Furly*
And will you ſaue our liues then.
2. *Boy.* Good Captaine do not kill vs.
Ceſ. If ſhe will yeeld the ſtate your liues are ſafe.
1. *Boy.* Good mother for my fathers ſake that's dead,
And for mine Vncles ſake part of your bowells
And for our owne ſakes yeeld your ſelues and ſaue vs.
2. *Boy.* Good ſweete mother ſaue vs.
Kat. Poore boies, in heart vnlike *Riarioes* race,
Or *Sforzaes* warlike linnage by the mother
Know what it is die with liberty,
And liue with ignominious ſeruitude.
If you your liues buy with the loſſe of ſtates
It were of all extreameties the vileſt
But in extreamety to die reſolu'd
Preſeruing ſtate and reputation?

Is ſaid to dye within the bed of honour,
This is an honor for *Rutiues* children,
And for my part, ir neuer ſhall be ſayd,
That *Katherine* being ſtrong vpon hir guarde,
Hauing good forces able to defend,
In brutiſh feare ſhould giue away your ſtates,
I rather will obtrude my ſelfe vnarm'd,
And meete the thickeſt rankes that enter breach,
To be toſt vp vpon their ſouldiers pikes,
Sooner I will ſet all the towne on fire,
And with my ſoldiers ſacrifice my ſelfe,
Rather then render vp your heritage,
Caſ. Oh bravely ſpoken warlike *Amazon*.
1. *Boy*. Mother we ſcorne death in reſpect of honor
Let him performe his worſt, we feare him not,
Courage ſweete brother, thinke vpon my father,
I will dye firſt, be not affraid of death.
Caſ. Why then you are reſolu'd to dye?
1. *Boy*. I to dye *Caſar*.
Caſ. Bring hether both their heads.
Kath. Gods bleſſing reſt with you my deereſt ſonnes
And if I looſe your ſtates, my life ſhall follow,
Nothing but violence ſhall force it from vs,
Ere long this quarrell twixt vs will ſtand euen:
Farewell deere boyes, till we three meete in heauen.
2. *Boy* Ah deere Mother, ſweete mother, good Vncle *Iulio* ſaue our liues.
Caſ. Away with him.
2. *Boy*. Let me before I dye, but kiſſe my mother.
Kath. What would'ſt thou runne againe into my wombe?
If thou were there thou ſhould'ſt be *Poſthumus*,
And ript out of my ſides with ſoldiers ſwords,
Before I would yeeld vp thine heritage.
1. *Boy*. Come brother let vs bravely dye together.
Caſ. I tell thee when that theſe haue loſt their heads,
I will make ſacke and pillage of your ſtate,
Man, women, Orphanes, all put to the ſword,
This hath your obſtinacie wrought in vs,

Carry them hence, bring hether both their heads. *Exeunt with the boyes.*
And then a charge vpon this valiant Lady,
This *Thamyris*, this proud *Semeramis*,
Whose valour *Barbaroſſa* by theſe heauens,
Is very wonderfull and glorious.

Kate. Had he more force, what would this tirant do?

Cæſ. A charge, a charge.

Kat. For Gods ſake charge, a charge let vs to fight.

Cæſ. A ſpirit full of vengeance, wrath, and ſpite,
Aſſault, aſſault, charge noble hearts a charge.

A charge with a peale of Ordinance: Cæſar *after two retreates entreth by ſcalado, her Enſigne-bearer ſlaine:* Katherin *recouereth the Enſigne, & fighteth with it in her hand. Heere ſhe ſheweth excellent magnanimity.* Cæſar *the third time repulſed, at length entreth by ſcalado, ſurpriſeth her, bringeth her downe with ſome priſoners. Sound Drums and Trumpets.*

Cæſ. Couragious *Kate*, you that would throw defiance
Into the face and throate of fate and *Cæſar*,
Such are the fruites of pride and wilfulneſſe.
Haue I perform'd my word? are you ſurpriz'd?
Is not your life and liuing in my power?

Kat. Now that my ſonnes firſt by inſidious meanes,
Bereaued of their liues, and their ſtates loſt,
The date of my calamities is out,
Goe forward with thy tyrannie, ſtrike *Cæſar*,
And take away the Mother with her ſonnes:
This done, recount what is thy victory.
A woman with two children vanquiſhed,
A prize befitting the renowne of *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. Come hither *Katherine* wonder of thy ſex,
The grace of all *Italian* woman-hood:
Cæſar ſhall neuer prooue diſhonourable,
Behold thy children liuing in my Tent.

He diſcouereth his Tent where her two ſonnes were at Cardes.

2. *Boy.* Oh mother, mother, are you come, wee be not dead.

1. *Boy.* Good mother, thanke the Captaine, we liue yet,
They gaue vs ſpices, wines, and bad vs welcome,

I pray

I pray you thanke them.

Kate. Oh but your lands and honors are both loſt,
Had not an honorable death beene better:
Then thus to looſe your ſtates and liuely-hoods.
Heroike ſouldier, whoſe deceipt is honour,
Thou that haſt vnexpected ſau'd the liues
Of my two children, I ſubmit them here
Thy captiues, for their ranſome what is fitt.

Cæſ. I freely pardon theſe two boyes their ranſome,
Lady behold thy treaſure in my Tent,
Had I not wonne this towne, it is hadſt thou loſt,
See Souldiers that her Iewels be reſeru'd
For her owne ſeruice, now the quarrell ends.

Kat. But noble *Cæſar* well intreate our people,
They be men valiant, ciuill, obedient,
If you their Magiſtrates intreate them well.

Cæſ. Take you the charge of *Furly*, *Barbaroſſa*,
Intreate the people well do not reſtraine them,
We freely pardon all of them their ranſomes,
So much as is in vs, we pardon all,
Vſe them as Cittizens of *Rome* in fauor,
Other inſtructions you ſhall haue here-after:
Till then regarde your charge and ſo farewell.

Enter with a drum, Barbaroſſa, *Soldiers.*

Lady, your ſelfe, with your two little babes,
I will take order ſhalbe ſent to *Rome*,
Be not diſmaid, you ſhall bee well intreated,
You ſhall want nothing ſuting your eſtates,
March with vs on our way for *Capua*.

March Cæſar, Katherine, *her two boyes, Enſignes, Soldiers, Trumpets, Drums.* *Exeunt.*

SCÆ. 5.

Enter Alexander *out of his ſtudie.*

Alex. Bring in that *Opium*, and bowle of Wine,
Heere I muſt act a Trage-comœdie,
Bernardo is it well confected and prepar'd?

According to my conference with *Rotsi.*

Bernardo *with a flaggon of wine and a boule.*

Ber. He sent it as your Holines may see,
Safe sealed vp.

Alex. Fill me that bowle of wine,

Alexander *openeth a box and putteth in the powder.*

Ber. Tis a drowsie medicine, do not taste it my Lord,

Alex. Thou hast ben taster to me, many times,
Begin *Bernardo.*

Ber. My Lord I slept too much the last night and I dare not,

Alex. It ho'ds good colour hold here *Bernardo,*
Giue good attendance, bring them to their rest,
Then giue me notice at my study doore.

Ber. One set was past before I parted from them,
And by this time they be well heated.

Alex. Sirra be diligent and seruiceable in this,
Euen as thou louest thy maister. *Exit* Alexander *into his study.*

Ber. Feare me not?
Were it not that my conscience hath bene syer'd,
With flames of purgatory by this Pope,
I neuer could endure such villany,
The best is he doth pardon all my sinnes. *Exit* Bernardo.

Enter Astor *and* Philippo *in their wast-cotes with rackets.*

Ast. This set was strangely lost I durst haue wagerd,
An hunder'd ducats after the first chase.

Phi. You thinke you play well, but beleeue me brother,
You cannot take paines nor obserue a ball,
With that dexterity which appertaineth.

Ast. Holla within if I take no paines,
My wastcote well can witnes for I sweate. *Enter Bernardo.*

Ber. Barber bring in some linnen for my Lords

Phil. Bring me some wine for I am very thirsty

Enter two Barbers with linen.

Bar. I listend for that string and he hath toucht it,

Bar. Wilt please your Lo. dship sit on this low chaire?

Phil.

Phi. Rub my head firſt then combe it,
Aſt. Fill me ſome wine *Bernardo*,
Ber. Good my Lord coole your ſelfe a litle,
Aſt. Giue me wine and let it be thy laboure good *Bernardo*
To call for muſicke. Bernardo *deliuereth wine.*
Brother in this cup I commend the loues,
Of all true *Fauentines* our truſty friends,
Hoping ere long to liue againe with them.
Phi. I thanke you brother, if our father Pope.
Performe his promiſe we ſhall ſoone returne.
Aſt. This wine was good yet taſteth of the caſck,
It hath a muſty rellish.
Phi. Lets here this muſicke,
After the barbers had trimmed and rubbed their bodies a litle, Aſtor *caleth.*
Aſt. Holla within there.
Ber. My Lord.
Aſt. I thinke it good after this little rubbing to repoſe my body
Phil. I am ſome what heauy.
Ber. I know the cauſe,
Aſt. And what *Bernardo*.
Ber. Marry with much motion of your bodies my Lords,
You muſt not be ſo vehement in play.
I knew a noble *French* man at *Anchona*,
Twenty yeares ſince at tennice tooke his death.
With ouer heating of him ſelfe in play.
They lay them ſelues vpon a bed and the barbers depart.
Phi. More muſicke there.
after one ſtraine of muſicke they fall a ſleepe:
Ber. My Lords are both a ſleepe muſicke depart.
And leaue them to their eaſe; alaſſe ſweet boyes,
Is it not pitty that theſe noble branches,
So ſweetly knit in one, ſhould neuer wake?
I that am hard of heart ſighe for their ſake,
My Lord. Bernardo *knocketh at the ſtudy.*
Alex. What newes man?
Ber. Both faſt a ſleepe.

Alex. And both vpon one bed?
Ber. Tis done.
Alex. And chamber voyded?
Ber. All is performed my Lord.
Alex. My blessinge rest vpon thee my *Bernardo.*
Depart now with these letters I deliuerd,
To be conuayd to *Florence* leaue me here.

Alexander vpon the Stage in his cassock and nightcap with a box vnder each arme.

Alexander *solus.*

Sleepe both secure vpon your fatall bed,
Now that the God of silence *Morpheus,*
Hath with his signet of black horne seal'd vp,
Your langued eye lids loaden with pale death,
Sleepe vntill you draw your lateſt breath,
Poore harmeles boyes strangers to sinne and euill,
Oh were my soule as innocent as yours!
This office is of highest consequence,
In friendship for I consider it,
I sent you from a million of sorrows,
Into the flowry fields of Paradice.
Their to goe habit in the groues of mirtle,
To feed on *Manna* and to drinke pure *Nectar,*
A cup of euerlasting happines.
Where such sweet musick vn-con-ceiueable,
Shall entertaine your senses in sweet comfort,
As the delight thereof shall neuer die'
Aſtor what *Aſtor* speake awake *Phillippo,*
Both fast a sleepe. *He stireth and moueth them opening both their bosomes.*
Now *Roderick* betake thee to thy taske,
What? peace *Aſtor* begins to talke I will attend.

Aſtor *speaketh in his sleepe.*

Aſt. Faire gratious Angell of eternall light,
Which reacheſt out that hand of happines.
Hayling my spirit to that triumphant throne,
Of endles comfort I adore thy grace.

Phil.

Phi. *In his sleepe.* Oh goulden light of neuer setting Sunne,
Harke brother *Astor* harke my soule is rapt,
Into the ioyes of heauen with harmony.
Alex. Doe they not sleepe? are they not yet asleepe?
Be not their senses yet lockt vp in sleepe.
he stirreth them.
Astor awake awake, awake *Philippo.*
All safe and sure, oh this was but a dreame,
Their *Genius* hath fore told them of their end,
And ioyfully they doe shake hands with death.
He draweth out of his boxes aspiks.
Come out here now you *Cleopatraes* birds.
Fed fat and plump with proud *Egiptian* slime,
Of seauen mouth'd *Nylus* but now turn'd leane:
He putteth to either of their brests an Aspike.
Take your repast vpon these Princely paps.
Now *Ptolamies* wife is highly magnified,
Ensigning these faire princely twins their death,
And you my louely boyes competitors,
With *Cleopatra* share in death and fate.
Now *Charon* stayes his bote vpon the strond,
And with a rugged sor head full of wrath
He thrusts a million from the shore of Stix,
To giue you wastage to the *Elisian* fields,
I see their coulors chang and death sittes heauy.
On their fayre foreheads with his leaden mace.
My birds are glutted with this sacrefice.
He taketh of the Aspiks *and putteth them vp in his box.*
What now proud wormes? how tasts yon princes blood.
The slaues be plump and round in to your nests,
Is there no token of the serpents draught,
All cleere and safe well now faire boyes good-night.
Bernardo, Bernardo, the feate is done,
Vse thy discretion as I did decest. *Exit* Alexander.
Ber. 'Tis done in deed alasse they both be dead:
Now must I follow my directions,

Holla

Holla within there. *Enter Cardinall* Caraffa *with* Bentiuoli.

Car. What newes *Bernardo*?

Ber. Alas my Lord ill newes,
But that his Holineſſe is faſt a ſleepe,
And this day ſtir'd not from his bed-chamber
I would haue brought him to this wofull ſight:
Prince *Aſtor* with *Phillippo* was at Tennis,
And being ouer-heated at their game,
Drinking ſo ſuddainly vpon that heate,
With much ſweete Wine did ſurfet inſtantly,
And here alas lye dead vpon this bed.

Bent. Alas it is a ruthfull ſpectacle,
Two princely boyes of noble diſpoſition,
Endued with honorable gifts of vertue.

Car. Of gracious fauour, wiſe, and liberall,
Phaenzaes hope: *Bernardo* beare them in,
His Holyneſſe will much bemone their fate.

Bent. My Lord, my Lord, I do not like of this.

Caraf. Peace man, no more do I, but beare with patience.

Bent. It is ſuſpicious but we may not talke,
Come let vs in, oh God!

Car. Oh God what times are theſe. *Exeunt omnes.*

Guicchiardine.

After the bloudy Duke *Valentinoys*
Had conquered *Furly*, with the warlick Lady,
By wily force he tooke in *Capua*,
Then through inſidious ſleights and treacheries,
He did ſurprize the ſtate of *Camerine*,
Where he captiued *Iulio di Varana*,
With his two ſonnes all which he ſtrangled,
With reſemblable tyranny proud *Cæſar*,
On termes of truſt meetes with the *Duke Grauina*,
And *Vitelozzo* with the prince of *Fermo*:
Whome he betraide at *Sinigaglia*,
Bereauing them both of their ſtates and liues,
He conquereth *Vrbin*; and with violence,

Perſor-

Performeth ſtrange and hiddeous outrages.
By this time with his forces backe to *Rome*,
Cæſar is marching; what betyded there,
Endes in the ſubiect of this Tragedie.

ACTVS. 5. SCÆ. 1.

Enter Cæſar *after a florish of trumpets with Drums, enſignes, ſoldiers*, Barbaroſſa, *Cardinall* Caraffa. Bentiuoli, Bagliioni.

Cæſa. Now that by cunning, force and pollicie,
All the free ſtates and cities of *Romania*
Subiected are vnto the Church of *Rome*.
And that our pikes and ſwordes in blood and ſlaughter,
Are ſtaind and ſheath'd quiet in our ſcaberds,
Our blood and wounds ſtanch'd and bound vp in ſcarſs,
Let vs for this could ſeaſon of the yeare,
Reſt vs and cheere our ſelues till the next ſpring.
And then march forward with alacrity.
Braue *Barbaroſſa* take theſe ſouldiers,
Vnto ſome quarter where by ſound of drum,
According to their muſter giue them pay,
Let them be ſatisfied and ſo diſcharged.
Fellowes in armes faithfull and valiant,
I thanke you for your paines and honeſties,
In token of our good heart to your ſeruice,
Wee giue each common ſoldier more then pay,
Two ducates and all other officers,
According to their place redoubled,
With many thankes for your exceeding valor,
Aſſuring you that in theſe warres with vs,
Cæſar ſhall make you Captaines of your ſpoyles,
And ſo doth he commend you to your eaſe.

Sold. A *Cæſar* a *Cæſar* God ſaue *Cæſar*. *Exit* Barba.

Sound trumpets and a florish with drums marching with ſoldiers.

Cæſa. Sirra come hether you muſt wayte on me,
My good Lord Cardinall and *Bentiuoli*,
Much thankes and deere acceptance of your loues,
I louingly returne for your great paines.
Card. His Holineſſe gaue vs in ſerious charge,
To giue you greeting and withall prepares
A ſumptuous feaſt for that ſolemnity,
To which he dothinuite the Cardinalls
With other Lords your fauourers in *Rome*.
Cæſ. Humbly commend my duty to my father
Tell him this night I purpoſe to be with him,
Perſing at letters in his hand.
Tell him I liue in health and touching theſe,
I pray you certifie his Holineſſe,
I will haue ſpeciall care: and ſo my Lords
For a ſmall ſeaſon I will take my leaue.
Pen. We do congratulate your ſafe returne.
Exit Cæſar & *Bent.* Cæſar *looketh on his letters.*
Cæſ. Come hither *Bagſhow* ſpeake ſincerely,
Know'ſt thou *Dromilio Reſſi* th' apothecary.
Bag. What I my gracious Lord? know I my ſelfe?
Cæſ. How ſhould I know that ſir?
Bag. May it pleaſe your highneſſe he ſerues his Holines.
Cæſ. He did indeed tourment and hang his villanies,
Is worthily caſt off, but tell me ſirra:
Then do'ſt remember how for breach of armes
When thou did'ſt ſtab a certaine lance-prizado:
I pard'ned thee thy life.
Bag. True my good Lord I very well remember,
He was a lowſie villain, marry was he,
And if he liued yet ſuch is my thancke,
That were he ſhort in mammockes I could eate him:
But for that honourable ſouldiers word
Ile ſpend my life to do your highneſſe ſeruice.
Cæſ. Haſt thou thy peece then ready.
Bag. Oh my good Lord hes ſix, ſound as a bell,

With

With all my warlike furniture beſide
Good flask and touch-box, a *Valentia* blade
A ſpaniſh dagger, powder of *Rhemes* and bulletes
Here they beene
C*ſ*. Some time this after-noone within the parke,
Next, to the *Vatican*, *Ratiſe* will be:
And as I know thee true and reſolute,
Beſtow a bullet on him as he paſſeth;
Few words; if any man attach thee for it,
By my protection thou ſhalt be enlarged.
Bag. And if I do not my good Lord damne me for it
I haue an old grudge at him cole black curre,
He ſha I haue two ſteele bullets ſtrongly charg'd
Nay but heere me my Lord?
Ile tell you what,
By this true fix of ſteele
I had as good a ſpaniell for the water,
As euer hunted ducke: and this true villaine
Becauſe my dog did eate vp a pannado
Within his houſe; what did that *Spaniſh* rogue?
What did he thinke you my Lord?
Marry very faire an't inſtantly
Poyſon'd my ſpaniell with *Roſa-ſolis*,
A pox on him micher, faith ile pay him his olde ſippence for's now.
C*ſ*. Take this to buy thee clothes my truſty ſeruant,
Nay tis gold be not affeard of it.
Bag. Affeard my Lord
Were it a tempeſt in a ſhowre of gold
I would indure it and adore you for it.
C*ſ*. Then *Baglion* fit thee to thy furniture,
Watch in a corner cloſe beyond ſome tree:
And when the deed is done repaire to me:
Say that thy peece went off againſt thy will,
Keepe a light match in cock, weare flaske and touch-box:
And take a murren with thee ſo fare-well;

Thus muſt I diue deepe in a villaines nature,
And thus muſt ſaue a villaine from the gallows
To play my partes in others purpoſes.
The man w'ome I to benefit would chooſe,
In all in matters of more moment vſe:
Or els I will not benefit a man,
And that ſmall good in hope I if I can.
Cæſ. I heare me, but my good Lord marke my words well,
If ere I *Henrico* ſhrink in this ſeruice
Caſtrate him, call him whip-ſtock, let him periſh,
For want of *Spaniſh* wines, and maluaſie.
Cæſ. Then faile not my true ſeruant finely, cloſely. *Exit* Cæſ.
Big. No more, but by this croſſe,
Why now this Nicole *Cæſars* like himſelf,
Hath fitted me with ſeruice: if the world,
Had ſought out ſom-what to content a man,
Nothing could better pleaſe old *Ballion*
Then to kill a raskall, coward, curre,
A *Spaniſh* ſquirr-vp, a black peyſning toade.
I like this trading better then the warres
For there I ſerue for two ducates a month,
And not a duck egge richer when I march
And in continuall hazard of my life
For which peraſe my peece kills twenty perſons:
Now ſhall I march in purſe with many ducates,
For one houres ſeruice but to kill one man,
Free from all danger of mine enemy,
I will about it and take vp my ſtand. *Exit.*

Enter Bernardo.

Bern. Thus doth one hideous act ſucceed an other,
Vntill the mouth of miſcheife be made vp:
Now muſt I traine my fellow to his death,
A deed of ruth and I did ſweare the ſame,
Not only for the ſecrecy thereof.

Bal-

But to conceale a matter of more weight,
Of greater moment and high cruelty:
When any deed of murther muſt be done,
To ſerue his Holineſſe,call for *Bernardo*.
He muſt be principall or accellary
To ſerue all purpoſes;for gold or pardone,
The Pope giues both;and I can take them both:
Gold can make hard the ſoftest conſcience,
And mine is harden'd by the practiſe of it.
Holla *Signeor Bandino*. *He knocketh at a dore,*

Enter Rotſie.

Rot. Who calls without there?what my good fellow *Bernardo*?
Very welcome:what newes with you?
Ber. My Lord hath ſent me for the things he ſpake of.
Rot. Here they be very ſtrong and ſufficiently compounded
According to directions from his Holineſſe,
And ſpeciall warrant vnder his priuy ſignet
I tried them on three men condemn'd to death:
For rapine and vile murther: but the firſt
Within leſſe then one quarter of an houre,
Puft vp,grew leaprous and his heart ſtrings broake;
Then did I giue allay the ſecond time,
Enter Baglioni *with his peece.*
The ſecond prizoner died within three houres
I did the third time mittigate,a little,
And ſaw when it was miniſter'd the third man,
Who did within eight houres ſwell, rage and die.
Ber, Well haue you done your part,ſet downe your bottels,
And read this letter from the Duke *Valentinoys*,
He ſetteth downe his bottels and walking readeth to himſelfe.
*Bag.*Well ſayd braue *Pincoginger*,by mine honour
Before I do this ſeruice lie there peece.
For I muſt haue a ſaying to thoſe bottels, *He drinketh.*

True ſlingo ſlingo by mine honour. Oh that mine old friend and *Beccadillo Frecobaldo* were heare aliue againe to taſte of this other bottle. Well I will venter vpon it, that I may drinke one health To *Fr. ſcobaldo*, I will encounter with this ſtout *Hectorean, Gyrecke*.

Were *Mile ger* here that ſlew the boore,
Like a *Boreechio* armed all in ſacke,
Or ſtoute *Achilles* in a pewter coate,
Or old *Aſſarnees* armed in a wicker lyrkin,
Or *Priamus* armed with a leather lacket,
Lin'd and imboſt with Alligant and Holleck
By force of armes and *Mars* his valiant hand,
I would encounter them whilſt I could ſtand.
The ſlaues are buſie reading their papiſtagonian papers,
I muſt haue a ſaying to your ſir I muſt; though,
You be prouided for his Holines owne mouth; I will be,
Bould to be the Popes taſter by his leaue.
Now truſty *Troylus, baſe los manos*.

Rot Let him alone it is the Dukes pleaſure,
That if he will taſte he ſhall be ſuffered,
And therefore I was commanded to ſet them downe,
In preſence of ſuch a fellow whome for his ſaweineſſe,
I haue pepered.

Bern. Oh tis a perilous villeine if you knew him ſo well as I, beleeue me he would peper you for it if he vnderſtood ſo much, peace man he hath broken vp the bottle let him drinke.

Roſſi. Nay let him drinke and burſt, for beleeue me I was enformed before of ſuch a fellowe; for whome I was commanded to lay bate; oh notable villeine, how he ſeeleth death.

Brg. This is a Noble nipſter ifaith, ſo ſ. *He drincketh.* Backe againe to kennell ſlaue.

Rot. He hath his full wages dout not *Bernardo*, to ſerue him till he die, ſeeme not to reſpect him in any caſe doe I pray you.

Ber. Nay but doe not you reſpect him, leaſt he doubte you ſuſpect him.

Rot. Oh doubt you not, doubt you not, I wil neuer looke, let vs

turn

turne our talke. Tell his Holineſſe tis well compounded and compoſed of all thoſe drugges mentioned in your letter, giue the Duke right humble thankes for his token, and with all reuerence kiſſe his excellent hand.

Bern. And by this ſignet you are to deliuer me the bottles.

Rot. Haue a care of them and deliuer them.

Bernardo *receiueth the bottles.*

Ber. Farewell fellow *Rotſi.*

Rot. Adieu *Bernardo.*

Ber. Now doe not I pitty this *Spaniſh* villaine becauſe hee conſented to the poyſoning of this ſoldier, but for that I am innocent.

They goe forth two ſeuerall wayes and Rotſi *is ſhot by* Baglioni.

Bag. What is the wild gooſe fallen? haue at you Sir, might a poore ſoldier ſpeake halfe a ſcore woords to your veneinous worſhip and according to your accuſtomed ſurlineſſe haue no reply all: I beleeue you ſir, your wordes are not offenſiue in any ſort I muſt confeſſe. Now thou infectious ſlaue, thou compictious Raſcal, thou confectionary villeine: where is you ſublimatum now ſir? where is your Ratsbanatum now? now where are your poyſoned pullets in ſtued-broth? where bee they? you neuer dreampt of a poyſoned bullet, did you goe too? now *Signor carrigantino* will I romage in the worme eaten kecle of your rotten hulke: paſſion of my ſoule what papers are theſe. Foh powder, powder foh, whats here, I marry ſir I like this well, are you ſo pufſie ſir, this may ſerue to ſtop a gap in my neighbours hedg, what is this you ſhow me with a ſhame to you, yea and maſter of the ſmall ordinance too, this *Baſiliſk* hath beene often mounted where there hath beene hot and dangerous ſeruice in the Ile of *Lupin*, hold paſſion of me my guts, out vpon thee thou haſt poyſoned mee with thy ſtinking breath or with thy villonous powders. out alaſſe alaſſe what firie commotions I feele in my bodie gryping fretting and fuming, a plague on your bottle

bottle ale with a vengeance, I am peppered there is no remedie in all theſe extreame agonies: muſt draw this villeine further: and throw him into a ditch, *Deh velero dell Diabolo*, farewell farewell my old *Skurcordillio Freſcobldi*: farewell Madam *Semprony*, for in conſcience I am guilty of mine owne death oh the pangs of hell and purgatory; come you lowſie Raskall I will bury thee with carryon in the next ditch.

He draweth in Rotſi *by the heeles groning.*

SCÆ. 3.

Alexander, Cæſar Borgia.

Alex. Haue you deliuered to the bottleman,
The fatall wine.
Caſ. I I gaue charge to *Bernardo*,
Hauing them ſafely ſeald with mine owne ſignet,
That when feaſting I do call for wine,
He ſhall breake vp the ſeales and fill that out,
For the two Cardinalls *Cornetto* and *Modina*.
Alex. Tis well, now if our plot proue right,
Thou ſhalt be maiſter of much welth to night,
Dying in eſtate all comes to my ſhare,
Caraffa loues a ſallet paſſing weil,
And I haue fitted one to ſerue his turne,
Their gould will make thy ſoldiers fight in blood,
And winge thy victories with good ſucceſſe.
Ceſa. Let vs noe longer entertaine the time,
By this the Cardinalls expect our preſence.
Allex. On with auſpicious ſteps triumphant *Cæſar*.
And entertaine them in braue iollity.

Exit.

SCÆ.

SCÆ. 4.

Sound loud muſicke · a cuppord of plate brought in. Enter with bottles Bernardo *with the bottleman.*

Ber. Haue ſpetiall care you that haue theſe in charge.
That theſe two ſealed bottels be not ſtird,
Vntill his Holines call for that wine
Bot. Feare not I will attend it as my life.

Sound trumpets ſolemnly, enter a table ſpread, Viandes brought in: after the trumpets ſound drums and fif; enter Alexander *in his pontificalls, after him* Cornetto *with* Cæſar, Barbaroſſa *with* Modina, Bentiuoli *with* Caraffa, *the Pope taketh his place, three Cardinalls on one ſide and captaines on the other.*

Alx. Martiall your ſelues heere ſworde-men and there Church-men.
Cæſ. Here ſit we ſwordmen to defend the Church.
Alex. My Lords giue anſwere in ſinceritie,
Hath not my *Cæſar* fought well for the Church?
That hath ſo ſoone ſubiected in her right,
Imola, Furly, Camerino, Capua,
Vrbine, Faenza Sinegaglia.
Braue *Cæſar* I muſt boſt of it in preſence,
That I Chriſtes vicare of his Church on earth,
Haue ſuch a ſonne which iſſued ſuom my loynes,
That being vicare of the Churches warres,
Hath in reuolution of one year,
Done more then all the generalls haue done,
In honor of our Church for ſortie yeares,
Corn. Your Holines with all your Cardinalls,
Your barrons and indeed all chriſtendome
Are bound to giue God thankes for ſuch a Prince,

And him great honor for his fortitude.

The Deuill commeth and changeth the Popes *bottles.*

Mod. Your excellence did in a blesſed hower.
Surrender vp your Holy robes and hat,
Betaking you to burganet and armes,
By which you might enlarge our liberties.

Car. Iſaith my Lord and ſoe we haue all of vs good cauſe to reioyce, would I had bene with your excellence at *Capua*, I would had one bout with them as old as I am.

Cæſ. You might my Lord haue had your choyſe of Ladies,
Bewtifull priſoners to be ſent to *Rome*.

Car. I marry my Lord ſome what might haue beene ſaid to this geere *in diebus illis*, but *tranſeant cum ceteris erroribus*, would to GOD I weare as young as when I was a Scholler in *Padua*, faith then I could haue ſwinged a ſword and a buckler, and I did that then being but a ſpringall of 24. yeares which be talkt of in *Padua* theſe 40. yeares I warrant it, faith my Lord were I ſo luſty now, I would goe with you to the warres this next ſpring thats flat, wil you eate any ſallet my Lord, faith here are excellent herbes if you loue them.

Cæſ. They be my Lord too cold for my ſtomacke, wilt pleaſe you my Lord to drinke a cup of old *Greeke* wine with it, bring me ſome wine here.

Alex. Bring me ſome wine here I will drinke a loy to *Cæſar* and this Noble co mpany.

Cæſ. Some wine for his Holines owne mouth, *Bernardo*.

Wine is brought to Alexander.

Alex. Cæſar your ſelfe are maſter of this feaſt,
I drinke a good ſucceſſe and victory,

Alexander *drinketh, trumpets ſound.*

To *Cæſar* and great happines to all.

Cæſar *drinketh.*

Cæſ. Happy ſucceſſe and fortune to you all.

Alex. Hold *Cæſar*; ſtay for wee are poyſoned,

ruſh from the table.

Cæſar

Cæs. My Lord it is all of.
Alex. Then art thou quite vndone.
Cæs. Some villanous conſpiracie lyes hid
Within this company, and this pernicious villaine
Cæſar *ſtibbeth* Bernardo.
Hath practiz'd with them; goe with thy ſoule to hell,
I feele the raging of it.
Corn. Away my Lord, *Modina* come away,
This traine was laide of purpoſe for our liues.
Mod. Our refuge and defence is from aboue,
Let Sathan worke, he neuer ſhall preuaile.
Exit Corn. *and* Modina.
Caraff. How doth my gratious Lord.
Alex. Oh very ſick: bring me preſeruatiues,
I thinke I haue as good as any man. Alex. *to his ſtudie.*
Cæſ. My Lord *Bentiuogli* take heere my keyes,
You know my ſtudy, ſearch my Cabbinet,
There ſhall you finde a little Chriſtall Phiall,
Wrapt vp in Sarcenet, bring it hether ſtraight,
I feele *Veſenus* raging in my guttes. *Exit.*
Alex. Heere Cæſar taſte ſome of this precious water,
Againſt all plague, poiſon, and peſtilence
A preſent helpe: I bought it of a Iew,
Borne and brought vp in *Galily*. Cæſar *taſteth.*
Cæſ. My Lord it is too forcible and hotte.
Alex. The flames of *Mongibell* conſume my liuer,
Bring me to ſome repoſe.
Caraff. Comfort your ſelfe my Lord.
Alex. Cæſar take reſt,
Send for Phyſitions, all my feare remaines
That Cæſar ſhall miſcarry.
Cæſ. And all my griefe that both.
Noble *Bentiuogli* with-draw we both,
Vnto my Chamber, I am very ſick. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 5.

Enter Aſtaroth and calleth.

Aſta. Belchar, Belchar, Belchar;
Bel. *Varca*, *Varca*, *Varca*,
Var. *Aſtaroth*, *Aſtaroth*, *Aſtaroth*.
The diuills meete and embrace.
Aſto. Let *Orcus Erebus* and *Acheron*,
And all thoſe Ghoſts which haunt the pitchy vaultes
Of cole black hags in *Cimerian* ſhades
Muſter themſelues in numbers numberleſſe,
To daunce about the Ghoſt of *Alexander*.
Var. Our fity region voyd of all religion,
And diuiliſh order by neceſſity,
Compell'd requires his preſent policy.
Bel. That fatall wine which for [illegible] Cardinalls,
He deſtined I tooke out of the place,
And plac'd his owne wine for thoſe Cardinalls.
Bar. The date of his damnation is at hand.
Aſta. Be ready then for I the firſt will beare,
As ſwift as wirl-winde his black ſoule to *Stix*.
Bel. And I with poyſned toads will ſtop his mouth,
Whoſe heart was neuer ſatiſfied with luſt.
Aſta. And I with ſnakes and ſtinging *Scorpions*
Will ſcourge him for his pride and inſolence.
Var. And I with force of fiends will hall his limmes,
And pull them till he ſtretch an achor length.
Bel. And for his auatice I will fill his paunch,
With ſtore of moulten gold and boyling leade.
Aſto. Then let vs for his ſake a horne-pipe treade,
They dance an antick.

CEN.

SCEN. *Vltima.*

Alexander *vnbraced betwixt two Cardinalls in his ſtudy looking vpon a booke, whilſt a groome draweth the Curtaine.*

Alex. You talke of pennance and of penitence,
Compunction with contrition and remiſſion
For all my ſinnes; I pray you thinke of yours
You vex your ſelues too much I cannot thank you.
Haue patience ſirs; oh tis a goodly *exorciſme*
Quem penitet peccaſſe pene eſt innocens
Giue leaue, giue leaue, come hither when I call
Eyther mere fooles or good phiſitions all.

They place him in a chayre vpon the ſtage, a groome ſetteth a Table before him.

Nay leaue me good my lords, faine would I meditate,
Leaue me I pray you.
Caraf. We leaue our praiers with your Holineſſe,
Call vpon God, thinke of his endleſſe bounty.
Ale. Pray for your ſelues, troble not me with praiers,
I pray you troble not your ſelues with praying.
Alex. ſolus. What is repentance? haue I not forgotten?
He looketh vpon a booke.
Why repentance is a ſpirituall martiredome,
Which mortifieth ſinnes and heales the ſoule:
Hauing beene wounded with the ſpirits ſword
This ſword Gods booke: that booke by me profain'd
And by which booke of God my ſoule is damn'd,
I damn'd vndoubtedly.
Oh wretched *Alexander*, ſlaue of ſinne
And of damnation; what is he that can
Deliuer thy poore ſoule? oh none but he
That when thou didſt renounce him caſt of thee.
Repentance is in vaine, mercy too late,

Oh why ſhould miſerable mortall man,
Whoſe languiſhing breath liues in his noſtrills
Vex and torment himſelfe with dayly trauell
To ſcrape vp heapes of gold to gape for honors?
What were the conqueſts of great *Alexander*:
Of *Cyrus*, *Cæsus Cæſar*? what were it
To be poſſeſſed of this vniuerſe
And leaue it all behind him in a moment?
Might ſome one man attaine that happineſſe
Which our firſt *Adam* had in *Parradice*,
Before he did preuaricate? why then
It were a worke of laſting worthineſſe
To rippe the bowells of our mother *Ops*
For treaſure; and to conquer all the world,
Becauſe eternity would promiſe it,
Out, out alas my paines, my guttes, my liuer
And yet I feare it not: though in ſecuritie
Once more I will with powrefull exorciſmes,
Inuoke thoſe Angells of eternall darkeneſſe
To ſhew me now the manner of death.

Alexander *draweth the Curtaine of his ſtudie where hee diſcouereth the diuill ſitting in his pontificals*, Alexander *croſſeth himſelfe ſtarting at the ſight.*

Diu. What doſt thou ſtart foule child of reprobation
Vaine are thy croſſes, vaine all exorciſmies,
Thoſe be no fruites of faith but mere hypocriſie:
Signa te ſigna temeré me tangis & angis
Roma *tibi ſubito motibus ibit amor.*
Rome Which once was thy gorgeous concubine
Hath now forſaken thee: now doth ſhe finde,
Thy falſhood which did her adulterate
What doſt thou tremble ſlaue of ſinne and hell?

Alexander *taketh his booke of Magike, the Diuil langheth.*

Alex.

Alex. I exorciſt thee foule malignant ſpirit
In the names of, of, of ———
Diuil. Of what? foule mouth, poluted ſoule?
Corrupted fleſh; God hath forſaken thee,
Thy date expired is, thy powre determined.
Alex Diſſolue, diſſolue, break, breake, black ſoule diſſolue,
And poyſon all this hemiſphere with ſinne.
Diu. Thy death and diſſolution ſtand at dore,
Reſolue now to diſſolue, thy ſoule is ours.
Alex. Proud *Lucifer* Traytor, to great *Iehouah*,
Father of lies my time is not expir'd
I will not do that violence to God,
Taking that which is his from him
To be beſtow'd on his great enemy.
Diu. Thou that haſt throwne thoſe graces in his face,
How canſt thou think vpon ſaluation?
Think that th'art damn'd, I will declare it plainely.
They ſit togither.
Alex. Seauen years are yet to come, I look for them.
Diu Examine thy ſoule with this counterparte.
Alex. Behold it? is it not for eight years & 8. daies?
Diu. Thou foole examine in Arithmetik,
Numbers without diſtinction placed thus.
Annos with the figure 11. ſignifying eleuen years, & the figure,
Seauen applyed to *Dies* importing ſeauen daies.
Alex. How? how? how? how? howes that?
Deh quella malitia 'el Diabolo: Deh quello veleno del inferno.
And for what ſtands this figure then?
Diu. Why for eighteene this figure ſtands for *octauo* referred vnto *dis* laſt before, ſignifying th'eight day after, ſo that *Annos vndecem* without diſtinction ſignifying eleuen years; and this figure ſeauen added to daies; and thãt *octauo poſt*, importing the eight day following, *morere*, thou ſhalt die. I meane thy bodie with thy ſoule in reſpect of Heauen.
Thus many daies haſt thou continued Pope,
And this is thy laſt day deſign'd by fate,

Ale.

Alex. Thou canſt not mock me with thy Sophiſtrie,
My ſoule is more diuine and cannot periſh.
Diuil. Thy ſoule foule beaſt is like a Menſtruous cloath,
Poluted with vnpardonable ſinnes.
Alex. Know then malignant Angell of confuſion,
My ſoule is a diuine light firſt created
In likneſſe liuely formed to the word,
Which word was God, that God the cauſe of cauſes,
My ſoule is ſubſtance of the liuing God,
Stampt with the ſeale of heauen, whoſe Carracter
Is his eternall word, at which hell trembles.
Diuil. And what of that? thou therein haſt no part,
I do confeſſe thy ſoule was firſt ordayn'd
To good: but by free-will to ſinne thou ſlaue,
Haſt ſold that ſoule from happineſſe to hell.
Alex. Marke yet what I can anſwer for this ſoule.
Mightie *Iehonah* moſt exuperant,
Two creatures made in feature like himſelfe,
The world and man: world reaſonable and immortall,
Man reaſonable, but diſſoluble and mortall,
And therefore man was called *Microcoſmus*,
The little world, and ſecond tipe of God,
Conteyning thoſe high faculties and functions,
And elements which are within the world.
Man then that doth participate with all,
Through operation, conuerſation, and ſimboliſation,
With matter in the ſubiect properly,
With th'elements in body quadrifarie,
With growing plants in vertue vegitatiue
In ſence with beaſts; with heauens by th'influence
Of the ſuperiour ſpirits into th'inferiour
In wiſedome and capacitie with Angels,
With *Eloym* in that great continent,
Is without doubt preſerued by that God,
Finding all things conteined in himſelfe.
Diuil. Anſwer me vaine Philoſopher to this,

Thou

Thou that haſt planted man in this perfection,
Not looking on thy deteſtable ſoule,
Which firſt like a pure leafe of whiteſt Lilly,
Cleere from all blemiſh was beſtow'd by God,
And thou ſoule beaſt didſt ſhamefully polute it.
Is it not one of humaine faculties,
To propoſe for your ſelues the beſt you can,
Where other creatures carryed with blinde force,
Make them-ſelues bond-ſlaues to the preſent time,
The ſcope of mans creation was to glorifie
The moſt all potent maker of all things,
The *Alpha* and *Omega* of all bountie,
But he that wilfully betrayes this ſoule,
That pretious Iewell wherein God delights,
Diſhonors God and doth depriue himſelfe,
Of all ſaluation and beatitude.

Alex. Reſt with this anſwer, that my ſoule is Gods
Whoſe habitacle is prepar'd in heauen.
Firſt it doth know God being figured
According to that Image of himſelfe,
And then the world whoſe huely ſhape it beares,
And to conclude, the ſoule of man knowes all,
Becauſe with all things it doth ſimbolize,
For in this Man there is a minde intelligent,
A quickning word and a celeſtiall ſpirit,
That like a lightning euery way diffuſed,
All things which are made by the mighty power,
Vniteth, moueth, and repleniſheth.

Diu. Theſe things ſhould haue beene thought vpon before,
The *ſummum bonum* which liues in the ſoule,
Is an eternall pleaſure to behold,
And haue fuition of the mightie power,
Which thou didſt neuer ſee, nor canſt enioy.

Alex. Pawſe yet a little, let me meditate.

Alexander *holdeth vp his hands wringing and ſofily crying.*

Mercy, mercy, mercy; arise arise: vp,vp,vp: fy,fy,no, no? stirre
flubburne,stonie,stiff indurate heart,not yet,vp,why,what? wilt
thou not soule traytor?to my soule?not yet?

The Diuill laugheth.

Arise, arise,aduaunce heart clogg'd with sinne,
Oppressed with damnation:vp aduaunce yet.
Wilt thou not stirre stiffe heart?what am I damn'd?
Yet a little,yet a little, oh yet:not yet? alas.
High God of heauens and earth if thou beare loue,
Vnto the soule of sinfull man shew mercy,
Mercy good Lord,oh mercy,mercy,mercy,
Oh saue my soule out of the Lyons pawes,
My darling from the denne of blacke damnation,
My soule, my doue, couer with siluer wings,
Her downe and plumage make of fine tryed gould,
Help,help,help,aboue,stirre,stirre,stupiditie.

Diu. He charmes in *Dauids* words with *Iudas spirit*,

Alex. It will not, no it will not,yet alas,no,no,no? is that my
sentence to damnation?
I am vndone,vndone.

Diuill. He shall dispaire,vassall of sinne and hell,
Prouide thy selfe in black dispaire to dwell.

He ceazeth on his face.

Alex. I tell thee I cannot be resolu'd,
To dwell in darkenesse breake black soule dissolue;
And poyson all this Hemisphere with sinne,

Heere Alexander is in extreame torment and groneth whilst the diuill laugheth at him.

Alex. And if I may not reach that happinesse,
Since for my sonnes sake I my selfe inthral'd,
Tell me shall *Cæsar* die this death with me?

Diuill. *Cæsar*; his youth and strength of blood driues out
This fatall poyson and shall liue a while.

Alex. Oh shew me then the manner of his death,

Diu. Attend it time growes short all feare is past.

The

The Diuill bringeth from the doore Lucreciaes *Ghoſt, and after her the ghoſt of* Candie *ſtabbed.*

Alex. What meanes that ghaſtly ſhadow which came firſt?

Diuil. By that which repreſents *Lucretia*,
Leprous and poiſoned is thy death declar'd,
By poyſon which now ſtruggleth with thy ſpirits,
And by that other which ſets out to thee,
The murther of thy ſonne the Duke of *Candy*,
Prefigur'd is the death of thy ſonne *Ceſar*,
Thou for the poyſoning of thy daughter poyſoned:
He for the murthering of his brother murthered.

Alex. Thus God is onely iuſt.

Diu. The Diuill cannot deny it.

Alex. Man onely falſe.
Learne miſerable wretched mortall men,
By this example of a ſinfull ſoule,
What are the fruites of pride and Auarice,
Of cruell Empire and impietie,
Of prophanation and Apoſtacie,
Of brutiſh luſt, falſehood, and perfidie,
Of deepe diſſembling and hypocriſie,
Learne wicked worldlings, learne, learne, learne by me
To ſaue your ſoules, though I condemned be.

Sound a Horne within, enter a Diuill like a Poaſt.

1 *Diu.* Here comes a fatall meſſage, I muſt hence. *Exit.*

Alex. My roabes, my roabes, he robs me of my roabes,
Bring me my roabes, or take away my life,
My roabes, my life, my ſoule and all is gone.

Alexander *falleth in an extaſie vpon the ground.*

2. *Diuil.* From the pale horror of eternall fire,
Am I ſent with the wagon of blacke *Dis*,
To guide thy ſpirit to the gates of death,
Therefore I ſummon thee to come with ſpeed,
For horrizons now ſtand thee not inſteed.

Alexander *aduanceth a little.*

Alex. Horror and horror, feare enſueth feare,

Torment with tormentes is Incompaſſed:
Diſpaire vpon diſpaire, damnation
Vpon damnation, hell and conſcience,
Murther, luſt, auarice, impiety,
Vaine prophanation and apoſtacie,
Rage and diſtraction tiranize: away,
Away proud *Lucifer*, away.

Diuill. away, away. *The Diuill windeth his horne in his eare and there more diuills enter with a noiſe incompaſſing him, Alexander ſtarteth.*

Alex. Holla, holla, holla, come, come, come, what, when, where when, why, deaf, ſtrike, dead, aliue, oh alas, oh alas, alwaies burning, alwayes freezing, alwayes liuing, tormented, neuer ending, neuer, neuer, neuer mending, out, out, out, out, why, why, whether. whether, thether.

Diuills. Thether, thether, thether.

Thunder and lightning with fearefull noiſe the diuells thruſt him downe and goe Triumphing.

Enter Cardinalls and Bentiuoli.

Bent. What is he dead?

Car. Dead, and in ſuch a faſhion,
As much affrights my ſpirits to remember,
Thunder and fearfull lightning at his death,
Out cries of horror and extremity.

Bent. Cauſe all your bells to ring my lords of *Rome*,
Rome is redeemed from a wicked Pope.

Car. God hath beheld vs with his eyes of mercy,
His name be glorified, ioyne all in prayer,
And giue him praiſe that tooke away your ſhame.

Bent. Goe your proceſſion, ſing your letinies,
And let your Churches through with multitudes,
Banquets and bonfiers through the Citty make.
In ſigne our Church is freed from infamy,

Car. Euen as his ſpirit was inflate with pride,

Behold

Behold his bodie puffed vp with poyſon,
His corps ſhall be conuaied to ſaint *Peeters*,
Open for all beholders, that they may
See the reward of ſinne, amend and pray.

Guicchiardine.

Th'omnipotent great guider of all powers,
(Whoſe eſſence is pure grace, and heauenly loue,
As he with glorie crownes heroyick actions,
Bearing a taſte of his eternall vertue)
So reſemblably doth he with terror ſtrike,
In heauie vengeance ſinnes deteſtable:
As in this tragike myrrour to your eyes,
Our ſceane did repreſent in *Alexander*,
Flagitious Cæſar his ambicious ſonne,
Reſerued for more calamities to come,
After he was impriſoned by the Church,
Eſcap't into the kingdome of *Nauarre*,
Vnto King *Iohn* then brother to his wife:
Where in an ambuſh at *Viano* ſlaine,
Iuſt *Nemeſis* repaide his treacherie.

Epilogus.

HEroicke and benevolent ſpectators,
Your gratious eares, and curious obſervations,
Iuditious cenſures, and ſweete clemencie,
Haue thus addreſt our Tragick Theater,
T'exchange contentment, for benignitie:
Humbly deuoted to your good deſires.
For ſome delight, cauſe of diſcourſe for others,
For all example, and for none offence,
Your fauours are a royall recompence.
Which when our loftie Muſes ſhall perceiue,
Then in more pompous and triumphant ſtate,
Your eyes with glory ſhall the deeds receaue
Of mightie Monarches, Kings, and change of fate,
By me thoſe perſons which our Scene preſented,
Kiſſe all your hands, and wiſh you well contented.

FINIS.

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